



A Story of Psyche
and Other Poems



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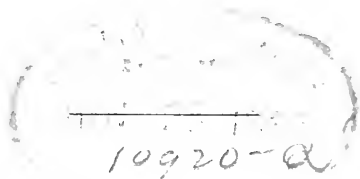
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

A STORY OF PSYCHE,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

✓
BY M. E. BLANCHARD.
||



BOSTON :
ADDISON C. GETCHELL, PUBLISHER.
1885.

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1885,
By M. E. BLANCHARD.

MY CRITICS.

They have their voices, I my thought ;
And they were never in Egypt.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

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A STORY OF PSYCHE.*

I.

THE BROW OF OLYMPUS. SUNSET.

Psyche, with lingering steps, moves down the mountain. Far below, Pan wakes his pipe. The notes float upward faintly.

PSYCHE.

[Sings.]

Tell me, O drowsy roses,
Lov'd of the dew and wind and golden sun,
Where my lost love reposes
When day her lattice closes
To turn her radiant smile
Upon some happy isle
By gods unwon.

I haunt the dewy places
Where late among the blooms his steps were led,
And watch the light which traces
With sunset's fiery graces

* Psyche means the soul, Alice. — GEO. MACDONALD.

Yon group of branches green
Against the western sheen,
Golden and red.

I hear the birds sing o'er us,
In voices sweet and clear, their last good-night,
And heed the liquid chorus
Of waters that adore us,
While lilies lean and press
Their scented loveliness
On ripples bright.

But he whose eye was clearest
To trace the many forms of harmony,
Whose praise was the sincerest
For that which he held dearest
In music's realm of might,
Whose tones are infinite
As agony, —

Is gone, I know not whither ;
And I, who long have borne immortal pow'r,
Whose tears these roses wither,
Will bid my brothers hither,
To wail with me as for the dead,
And be of hope uncomforted
In this lone hour.

She utters a loud summons. There is a rush and outcry, and the gods throng towards her through the trees, angry, anxious, with Mercury in the lead.

JUPITER.

Dost know, O miserable slave of grief,
Who singest of thy shame where never yet
Weak word was breathed to these sacred trees,
That he who claims thy tears —

ABARIS.

[From above.]

Nay, Jupiter,
Unbend thy brows, and let not tone of thine
Profane these boughs, whose leaves, as bright
as eyes,
Look on us through the dusk.

Our Psyche weeps, —
'Tis meet that we should solace, and not chide.

MERCURY.

Right, brother; female things need sympathy
As babes need milk. She loves — and weeps,
of course,
And joys more in her tears than we in all
Our conquests won, and holds out hands to say,
In tragic guise, See, can ye do, fond friends,
The tricks of woe more deftly?

ABARIS.

Mercury,
Thou, who didst make frail woman, art most
wise
In woman's failings. As for me —

JUPITER.

Enough !
I came not here to hear a coxcomb's boast,
Or watch his pranks aerial whilst the breeze
Shivers beneath his piercing arrow's touch
With just disdain. Guide nearer to the clouds
Thy long, ridiculous, fantastic steed ;
And ye, dull mouthing fools, who hem me in,
Press backward . . . room !

Brave Triton, wake thy shell,
And quiet yonder idler who outpours
His goatish strength in sound.

APOLLO.

Whom meanest thou ?
Not Pan, our best-beloved ? Jupiter,
Thou art distraught with haste and bitter cares,
And speakest that which, in a calmer mood,
Thy justice would condemn.

JUPITER.

True ! Pardon, friends, but shame is hard to
bear.

Triton winds a long blast from his trumpet. The music below ceases. Psyche, abashed, glides towards Abaris, who thrusts into earth the large head of his arrow and leans with folded arms against its stem. The gods, silent, beautiful, with grand brows and majestic stature, form in huge circle about these two. The arrow lifts above them its fern-shaped tip, delicate, glittering, vibrant with the pressure. Psyche rests her hand on the arm of Abaris.

MERCURY.

Dost thou remember, Psyche, that dread day
When, for the first, I led thee up these heights,
And gave the cup whose rich ambrosial store
Made thee immortal? Thou wert human then,
And weeping for thy spouse most bitter tears.
Which now are ended —

PSYCHE.

Hermes, is it well
For souls made large by immortality
To let one feeble love suffice for all
The stern needs of existence?

Lenvah claims
No portion of that love which Cupid won,
But occupies a niche, erst tenantless
In my full life, which only he alone
Can lighten, as the sun at morning lights
The hollows of the sea, till all the tide
Is warm'd and brighten'd and made glorious.
Loves numerous are requisite for some,
As many leaves are needed for a rose
To make it perfect. And yet loves there be

Which flower like the calla, one wide spathe,
White, dewy, sweet, exquisite, op'ning out
Its fine large petal to the golden dawn,
Magnificent in beauty. That my love
Is not the lily, but the complicate
Red-hearted blossom, lov'd of Venus' self
And stern Harpocrates, is not, dear gods,
The fault of Psyche.

APOLLO.

Father, dost thou hear?
And dost thou note the splendor on her face,
And how her tall lithe figure seems to sway
With fervor, as the reed at the wind's touch?
Her slim feet scarcely press those deathless
flow'rs,
But, buoy'd and luminous, she floats in dusk.

JUPITER.

Great is our Psyche !

[With emotion.]

ALL.

Aye, and great her love !

PSYCHE.

So great, O brothers, that it covers you
In its wide folds, as doth the cloak of night
Cover the hosts of birds.

That I repine
Under the loss of him who, clothed in flesh,
And using human speech, hath led my thoughts
Into the snare of sorrow, will be borne
With patience by my kindred —

ALL.

To the end !

PSYCHE.

Then get you gone, brave Abaris, to where,
Sick unto death or cast on stormy shores,
Or rapt in dreams born of the locust's bloom,
My Lenvah tarries.

JUPITER.

Seek him through the world,
And pause not till thine eyes with mournful gaze
Have seen this serpent human who hath wrought
Over our Psyche's joy the spell of woe,

[Gathering anger.

Till all the glory of our noble race,
Its wisdom and its valor, vex the heart
Which hungers for this being, crudely made,
And fickle to the core.

PSYCHE.

Justice, great Jove !

JUPITER.

Thy king is ever just. Mount, Abaris ;
And thou, Apollo, tune thy harp of gold
And yield its music. Luna's train draws nigh.

The moon rolls its glittering ball up over the black tree precipices. Abaris is seen on his mighty arrow, which scintillates before him and behind like a diamond bar. Psyche, alone, with drooping head, stands in the circle. The strong, cold light beats on the upraised faces of the immortals, and over their gleaming limbs.

And they encompass Psyche, who is the Soul.

But she pines for Lenvah. Pines, though Apollo's lyre throbs with the stars.

II.

CIRCE'S BOWER.

Lenvah is seen sleeping. Enter Circe, bearing her magic cup.

CIRCE.

Up, drowsy boy ! drink of my wine once more,
And tell me yet again of her who walks
Olympus' awful steep.

LENVAH.

Thou cruel queen,
Give me my strength, that I may pass from here,
And plead on bended knees for her divine,
All-generous forgiveness !

CIRCE.

Thou art wild.

Dost think, pale love, thy precious lips will touch
The face beprais'd of Cupid while my spell
Has wit to keep thee in my fonder arms?

LENVAH.

O Circe!

CIRCE.

Drink!

[Presses the cup to his lips.

At length the charm is wrought,
And thou art mine!

[Enter Abaris, unseen.

ABARIS.

Oh, woe! woe black with shame!
Our Psyche loves a beast whose swinish notes
Stiffen the very foliage with fear,
And cast a plague over this beauteous isle,
And turn these limpid waters into filth,
And paint a charmer's face with wicked scowls
Sternier than fierce Medusa's.

Let us mount,
Mine airy steed, to where the purer air
Shall calm my reeling senses.

CIRCE.

[To Lenvah.

Brute, be gone!
Mix with my herds, and be no more a man.

III.

THE PALACE OF JUPITER.

Zeus, with the eagle at his feet, sits on his lofty throne in the long, white, silent, sunlit hall, brilliant with flowers. Below the throne Apollo leans on his lyre in pensive thought.

He grieves for Psyche, he who wears the laurel in memory of Daphne's doom. For Psyche, who walks with gods and holds them dear, covets a mortal love.

[Singing from without.

The eagle waits at a monarch's feet,
Nor pines for his native skies,
And the thunder curbs its giant force
Till a god doth bid it rise ;
And our bard, whose soul is song,
And whose eyes are full of fire,
Is bruised by the grief for another's grief,
For a vain desire.

The ocean keeps a narrow bound,
Though its force can shake the rocks,
And the planets yield to the might of law
Above the earthquake-shocks ;
But a lofty love defies
All power the earth has known,
And mocks at the sway of time and change,
To lean on self alone.

[Enter Abaris.

JUPITER.

Hail, Abaris !

ABARIS.

[Bending low.

Great Father ! Mighty King !

Apollo comes forward and sinks with languor on a broad step of the throne. The dark eagle looks down over his naked shoulder. Jove's massive form rises high above. The stern lines of his face show the more vividly under the crown of olive. His sceptre, held erect, burns in the sunlight.

JUPITER.

What tidings of the missing ?

ABARIS.

I have sought
For ten long days through Tellus' realm, and
called
With tears the name of Lenvah, but no sound
Save Echo's grieving tone —

APOLLO.

Then Charon's frown
Has stilled his craven heart —

JUPITER.

My son, take heed.
Our Abaris has knowledge of the youth,
I see it by his countenance all wan
With grievous thought, and by the flashing eyes,
And the fierce lips that press on the clench'd
teeth,

To check unseemly speech. His presence fills
The hall with a strange tumult, an intense
And fiery discordance, till the air
Clangs round us fierce vibrations.

Enter Ganymede, who moves up the room with a buoyant, joyous tread, his head erect, his sweet eyes full of dreams, the curls flung back from the low brows, the face childlike, eager, fair. He salutes the king with a careless, jaunty ease. The eagle flies towards him and settles on his wrist. He holds it high over his head and laughs into its eyes.

Ganymede,
Draw nectar for Apollo's worthy priest
Spent with the toil of travel.

GANYMEDE.

[Absently.

Gladly, sire.

IV.

SCENE THE SAME.

Jupiter alone with Psyche, who kneels by the throne, weeping.

JUPITER.

Thou hast heard this tale which took in telling
The long hour of noon: of how thy lover
Roots among the swine on Circe's island.
Put dull grief aside, and cast far from thee,
As a thing accurs'd, this love unholy.

PSYCHE.

Wise counsellor, firm ruler of the gods,
And mighty on Olympus, let me crave
Thy royal pity ! I would go from hence,
And rescue with due zeal from out the spell
Of this vile beauty him who is the king
Of my sad fate ; whose smile I cannot lose
Without such throes of anguish that death's self
Is not more bitter.

Earthling though he be,
Yet is he worthy to commune with gods,
And be their equal. On those happy eves
When, threading after Pan the woodland ways,
Have I with wonder heard his tones awake
The birds to singing, as no pipe of reed
Had skill to wake them. And his face, O King,
Is noble as Apollo's, and he moves
As monarchs move, bearing himself erect
And looking with full gaze upon the world.
Sire, all my life is darken'd by his loss,
And thou wilt grant me absence to reclaim
From ill the man I love.

JUPITER.

Go, Psyche true ;
And if thy task be wrought, then shall he know
The boon of godhood, and ascend with thee
Olympus' steep, to sit at my right hand.

V.

THE ÆÆAN ISLAND.

Psyche is seen in the distance feeding with acorns a herd of swine.

Enter Circe, with Lenvah in the shape of a boar.

CIRCE.

Dost know you fool, who, without warning meet,
 Came yesternight by stealth to my domain
 Sacred to sorcery? (Thy grunts assent.)
 Who hopes, unseen of Circe, to decoy
 From out the droves her Lenvah, and restore
 By her chaste love and pity to its form
 Thy soul debased.

Let her assert her strength.

[Smiting him with her wand.

Go! wallow with thy kind about her feet.

[Exit.

PSYCHE.

Lenvah, dear Lenvah, where in all this herd
 Of hungry swine, who fill my soul with fear,
 Art thou repining?

[Enter Lenvah.

Gods! methinks I trace
 In yonder hideous boar, black, bristling, fierce,
 Him whom I seek.

She wanders from the herd. The boar, with neb tossing up the dust, follows slowly. Psyche, with trembling, at length comforts him.

Nay, but my love can save
And give again to manhood all the grace
And valor lost.

Lenvah, my Lenvah, know
That she who looks on thee with streaming eyes
Is one who from Olympus stole of yore
To kiss thy lips. Beloved, I would fain
Save thee from all the shame of this estate,
And woo thee back to honor ; yea, and guide
Thee upward to that palace where high Jove
Rules in his wisdom ; where the gods shall greet,
And love, and bless and give thee of their love.

[Kneels to embrace him.

The boar rushes forward, his huge body quivering with rage, and
tramples on her fair white limbs. A shout is heard, and Abaris,
breaking through the leafage, routs with his arrow the blood-stained,
maddened brute.

CIRCE.

[In the distance.

Ha ! ha !

PSYCHE.

[Waking from a swoon.

Lost !

ABARIS.

[To Circe.

Curses upon thee, harlot !

VI.

JUPITER'S PALACE. TIME, MIDNIGHT.

Down the vast white hall, blazing with light and thronged with Ammon's* courtiers, Psyche, on a litter, is borne into the presence of the king. The gods file back on either side with hushed lips and pallid faces, and she is placed below the throne steps. Abaris casts himself down at her feet. Apollo lifts her head and rests it pityingly against his arm. Her face, turned to the concourse, looks worn and ghastly.

JUPITER.

[In a deep voice, rising.

Psyche, hast thou won?
Is love sufficient, in the hour of need,
To save a Lenvah?

PSYCHE.

Nay, never once !

APOLLO.

[Brokenly.

My Psyche —

ABARIS.

My belov'd —

JUPITER.

Nay, never once !

He stretches his arms out with a slow, mournful gesture over the Soul of Passion and the Soul of Song.

The gods kneel silently in long white lines, gazing on "the majesty of a great despair." They weep not: their grief is mute. They only kneel, and the light falls on the face on Apollo's breast.

* Jupiter.

[Singing from without.

Never, nay, never once,
Though Psyche weep in anguish
 tears of blood,
And give to torture her white
 beauteous Soul,
And tread the wine-press
 of a patience long,
And beat with bruised hands
 the gates of prayer,
Is vice redeemed by Love, —
 Nay, never once !

PAN'S DEPARTURE.

A hush is on the wood, and the round sun
Sinks, plummet-like, to sound a sea of gold,
While the wan lilies droop in grief, and fold
Their weary lids, as over herb and tree
Steals with its feldspar hues expectantly
The early dew ; while in their ample nest
The robins stir beneath their mother's breast
And wait the steps of him whose course is run.
He comes ! the god ! the minstrel ! and his hand
Bears with a listless clasp the magic flute
Whose fine wild music man shall long deplore.
Night bends her regal head in sorrow mute,
While darkness falls to cover all the land,
And Pan, grand Pan, has pass'd forevermore !

PHLEGETHON.

List ! ye tame waters flowing o'er the earth,
And hear my waves of flame
Sweep through dim Hades, where unkindly Pain
Holds sway
For aye,
Nor questions of my curse nor whence I came.

My tide is ruddy as that tide which swept
O'er Waterloo in wrath,
Aye, red as that which down from Ætna's height
Through green
Is seen,
Cutting with cruel force its lava path.

I roll forever and forever on,
While shadows wrap me o'er,
And ghastly forms beside me wail and wail,—
The dead
Who tread
With burning feet my incandescent shore.

Think not to mimic with your puny grief
My horror-haunted waves
Which tell of battle-din and gory slain,
And eries
That rise
From heroes who are marching to their graves ;

Which know of crucifixion and the dark
That shuts the martyr round,
While gods forsake and man reviles in hate,
And Scorn,
The strong,
Comes with his spear to deal the final wound.

Ah ! bitter woe to me, who strive to gain
The summer day which smiles
On scented boughs along the briny shore ;
To trace
The grace
Of melting cloud and cape and woodland isles,

And hear the happy birds that trill their lays
With one accordant voice,
While Echo through the granite sends her tone,
And sings
Of things
That cheer the eye and make the heart rejoice.

Woe ! bitter woe to me ! But unto ye,
O flippant streams that brawl
Along the shallow channels day by day,
And lift
Vile drift
To vex the rock and clog the pebbles small,
Woe dire to ye, who have receiv'd in full
Your consolation meet,
And tend with heedless course toward the dark ;
While I
Who cry
For light, blest light, the dawn at last may
greet.

LETHE TO BACCHUS.

Fill high the oblivious bowl. — MRS. HEMANS.

Bring me thy cup of rosy glow,
Thou valiant god with the laughing eyes,
And dip from my waves of silent flow
A draught that even thine own outvies ;
Dip from my stream so stillly and sweet,
A nectar richer than all thy wine,
And drink, oh, drink with joy complete
To those who in gloom repine !

Lo ! from the realm of being cold
They come to me with their weary tread,
The lost and lonely, the weak and old,
To mix with the kingly dead ;
And as they quaff of my healing wave,
My wave pellucid that hath no stain,
The past no more can Thought enslave,
For Memory dies with Pain.

Never a shame that stung the pride,
And never a want the old time bore,
And never a wish ungratified,
Can into the life its virus pour ;
And Passion, losing her wonted sway,
Puts out her taper at Death's behest,
While the body achill turns back to clay,
Regretting nothing — nor worst, nor best.

So bring thy cup of rosy glow,
Thou valiant god with the laughing eyes,
And dip from my wave of silent flow
A draught that ever thine own outvies ;
And when thy triumphs are sung no more,
And thy vines are dead on earth's dead breast,
Then lead thy band to my quiet shore,
And drink to the Stream of Rest !

NIGHT IN THE ARK.

The wife of Noah communes with her own heart.

I gaze out over the waters,
Cold, fathomless and wide,
As the sun through smoky vapor
Sinks in the solemn tide.

And near me a little linnet,
Uplifting its drooping head,
Sings plaintively through the silence
As if of the great world dead.

And its mate comes at my calling,
To nestle against my cheek,
Its bright round eyes dilated
As if with the wish to speak.

And its heart beats on my fingers,
Dismay'd by this wrath of God
Which has hidden the giant mountain
With the rose of the valley sod, —

And swept from the realm of being
A race that forgot His will,
And turn'd to the wrong through weakness,
Because He had made them ill, —

Not giving them skill sufficient
To conquer the inner foe,
And climb up into the godhead
By stages however slow, —

To grasp at the highest glory
As a heritage their own,
Not bought by the blood of slaughter,
But won by their needs alone.

The bird has ceas'd from singing,
And call'd to its drowsy mate,
And the ark sweeps on in darkness
O'er the earth made desolate, —

Piercing the floating herbage,
Still odorous and green,
That late in calm field spaces
Greeted the dawns serene.

While trees torn from the forest,
Once stately, full of song,
Drift heavily from wave to wave,
Trailing their branches long.

And ever and anon the ark
Smiting their trunks of gray,
Reels backward, shudd'ring thro' its length,
As if in agony.

While starting from a troubled sleep
The lion shakes his mane,
And sends far outward in the gloom
A roar of fear and pain.

There in the stifling darkness,
With lips athirst for blood,
He listens, couchant, to the wind
Driving the fatal flood.

I hear his hot breath stirring
The dead leaves of his lair,
And fancy how those startled eyes
Lighten with angry glare.

Slowly the moon's wan lustre
Glitters the current o'er,
Showing such breadths of ocean
As stars shall light no more ;

Showing such death and horror
As none can comprehend,
Save on that hour, far off and dim,
When worlds shall have an end.

The trees like fleets unnumber'd
Keep yet their aimless way,
Each guided by a wheel of roots
Churning unsteadily.

A sea-gull torn and lifeless
Rests on yon mass of bloom,
Its limp head swinging o'er the wave
And outlin'd on the gloom.

And there ! — an arm uplifted —
And there ! — a kingly face,
Calm, beautiful and pallid
In death's ideal grace.

Serenely in the moonlight
It drifts adown the tide,
As though the yearnings of a life
In death were satisfied.

As though no wreck and ruin
Found echo in that peace
Wherein all woes are quieted
In sleep that shall not cease.

Onward, forever onward,
Our mighty craft is toss'd,
And Japheth moaning in his dream
Speaks of a garden lost.

And once again the lion,
Upstarting in the dark,
Utters that deep despairing cry
Which rings throughout the ark.

A challenge to those forces
Which build but to destroy,
And filling life with woe supreme,
Deaden the sense to joy.

A curse on all the evils
Which weary heart and brain,
So that of years there is not one
We would live o'er again.

Dreams of Immortality.

Beyond the sunset's gates of gold
'Tis said a land of glory lies,
Where life takes on a larger scope.
 It may be so;
For that which is hath marvel strange,
And that which may be cannot hold
 More wonder than dismays our eyes.

THE SOUL.

Fair Wand'rer from a continent unknown,
Cast by rude waves upon the shores of night,
With features wan, and brow from which the
 bright
Crown hath been lost, I hear thee call thine own
And 'quire thy way beyond this dark. But none,
None heed thy grief, or comprehend aright
Thy language beautiful, while o'er thy sight
The tears come fast, and wildly thou dost moan.
Around, the hills are mute : the fir and pine

Keep their dim watch unmov'd ; the waters flow
Unheeded on. Yet ah ! yon tints divine
Deepen to dawn with ever-changing glow,
Hope strikes her harp and sings above thy woe,
"Found is the crown, Belov'd, and I am thine."

THE SPIRIT'S DESTINY.

What, O Spirit, dost thou hear
From the mystic hemisphere,
Standing in thy mail of flesh,
With thy godhood's consciousness?
Round thee roars the battle strange
Of eternal time and change ;
And thine alien feet would fain
Press thy native sod again.

Coldly to thy homesick eyes
Doth the summer sun arise,
And beneath its rosy light
Thou beholdest frost and blight ;
While the music of the wave
Tells of darkness and the grave,
Sending through the fleeting day
Desolation and dismay.

In thy inmost self I see
Courage, truth and constancy,
And a longing and a will

That would highest things fulfil.
What though age shall smite thy heart,
And thine armor fall apart,
And alone thou goest down
Death's dark way with corpses strown :

Still forever through the real
Shalt thou press to the ideal,
All thy yearning being full
Of a fire unquenchable, —
Sacred flames that brightly glow
Through the sensual and low,
Like an altar's light that gleams
Through a dungeon's mouldy seams.

Dost thou in thy dreams espy
Glimpses of a perfect sky
Circling an elysian shore,
Lov'd of thee in days of yore? —
Shining sands where swells a tide
Scintillant and glorified,
O'er whose waves with steady tread
Walk the living and the dead.

Those who late have left the field,
Bearing neither spear nor shield;
Those who never trod the earth,
Being heavenly from their birth, —

And do they, the angels, cry,
With an eager tone and eye,
"Tell us of the journey far,
To the realms where mortals are?"

"Not for spoil ye went away,
Nor for honors, which decay,
Nor to rear an altar high
To some mythic Deity ;
But ye went, methinks, to gain
Strength through weakness, joy through pain,
To develop, to improve,
Strive, aspire, and hope and love.

"And again upon the quest,
When your souls have drunk of rest,
Shall ye pass with willing feet,
Other starred spheres to greet, —
Worlds whose light hath never shone
On that world so late your own, —
And in human form again
Ye shall cope with human pain.

"Many are the years that lie
Waiting in infinity :
Centuries through which the tide
Of your lives shall slowly glide,
As a river deep and grand

Rolleth on from land to land.
Death is but life's overflow,
Not the current ebbing low.

"Talk not then of sorrow's stress
Midst this joy so measureless,
Nor of loss and petty cares,
While such gain life's record bears ;
Nor of toil, while o'er your tears
Roll for aye the patient spheres ;
Nor of right by wrong o'ercast,
For the right shall win at last !"

O thou Spirit ! brave the night,
If indeed it leads to light ;
Look thou always to the goal,
Though the clouds about thee roll ;
Keep thyself from idols mean,
Thou, belov'd of Love's unseen ;
Strive forever for the good,
Crown'd with hope's beatitude !

THE WELCOME HOME.

'Twas morning in heaven, 'twas night on the
earth,

And angels were gather'd death's river anear,
To welcome a soul to the holier birth,

And sing, in their gladness, an anthem of
cheer,

The pure and the loyal, the loving and blest,

All join'd in the music of perfect accord :

"We welcome thee, spirit, by sorrow oppress'd,

Yea, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord !

"We welcome thee home from the darkness and
care,

The trial and weariness, doubting and fear.

Hail ! blest of our Father, no longer despair,

The journey is ended, the guerdon is here ;

Here, safe in the Kingdom, no more to depart,

Where love, never fading, is sorrow's reward,

Are all the dear idols long lost from thy heart,—

Oh, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord !"

TO-NIGHT.

E.W.

What realm to-night,
Lit by the dawn which floods the spheres beyond,
Dost thou, O white
And happy soul,
Tread with companions fond?

Methinks I hear
Thy voice steal o'er me, as thro' days no more,
With vision clear,
My mem'ry glides
To ope her golden door.

She sees thy face,
Touch'd by the god who comes with icy breath,
And all the grace
Of youth is there
For thou hast enter'd Death.

Around thy brow,
Fair with the life that never more shall wane,
Are wreathed now
The fragrant blooms
That ease the sting of pain.

And thou dost stand
In an abyss of light, whose glory rolls
Through all the land,
Sacred to peace
And earth-lib'rated souls.

Like to a sea
The splendor breaks in waves around thy feet,
While joyously
There swell the notes
Of music full and sweet.

And well I know
They breathe of cheer to those who conquer pain,
And bravely go
Adown the dark,
The morning world to gain.

To pass the tomb,
And leave its ashes where that mountain high,
Aglow with bloom,
Uplifts its front
Against the pearly sky.

Look thou no more,
But turn thy face away, O soul of mine,
Nor ponder o'er
Through longing tears
The joys of life divine.

Thou fain wouldst press
Onward to meet the light, and join the song,
For weariness
And loss are thine,
And thou hast waited long.

But to thy side
There comes no friend to help thee up the height :
Thou must abide
The gloom and cold
For yet another night.

FRIENDS UNSEEN.

(A FLOWER MEDIUM'S REVERY.)

Encompass me thus,
And shut out the dark,
Form your electric circle bright ;
Permeate this granite of flesh
With the warmth the gladness of life divine,
That the spirit within,
The bird that pines,
May spread its sick wings,
Open its leaden eyes,
And bask in the sunlight.

I know you, dear friends,
Invisible guard.
Fair are your faces, O women,
And grand are your forms, O men,
And sweet are your voices as those which rang
Through Solomon's halls
When dame and maid,
Array'd in rich garments,
Blazing with jewels fine,
Sat in their Eastern calm.

What is it you bring?
Pansies wet with dew? —
Brighter than is the ray of morn
Breaking with gradual glory
Over the drowsy hills that stand in mist.
Pansies? That is for thoughts,
Thoughts of the souls,
Purified, noble,
Who have pass'd from the strife
On to the blessed rest.

What is it you bring?
Roses fresh and sweet? —
Richer than those that loll
Over Venetian waters
Where gondoliers dip the light oars
And carol at evening their wild sweet songs.
Roses? Emblems of silence,
The silence strange
Which walls out the music
Of the rejoicing spheres.

The pansy for thoughts —
For silence, the rose —
Sweet hieroglyphical blossoms
Telling of countries and races,
Of acres and acres of bloom
Which I yet may behold,

When the white god,
The god we call Death,
Opens the narrow cage,
And the lone bird is free !

I see you depart :
Your garlands of flow'rs
Have melted in air, and your robes,
Scintillant, lovely, trail outward
O'er the black carpet of midnight ;
And your spiritual lamps —
Vapory balls
That float through the gloom —
Recede and diminish,
Vanish, and are no more !

You have left with me
A strength and a calm
Born of belief in the future,
Which wraps me about like a robe,
Protecting from doubt and despair
The spirit within me, —
The bird that stirs,
That plumes its faint wings,
That sings of your pansies,
Sitting above life's rose !

AN ECHO FROM PRE-EXISTENCE.

Hush ! what can this be that haunts my mind,—
A sound, an echo, the lightest sigh,
Wafted down o'er the countless years,
For aye gone by !

It steals at times to my dream at night,
As zephyrs steal to the lily wet,
Stirring it vaguely from leaf to leaf
With dim regret.

A sound elusive, and sweet, and strange,
Beautiful, subtile and chaste as dew.
Be it or fancy or mem'ry real,
It thrills me through.

Is it the note of a spirit song,
The surge of waves on a phantom shore,
Or the step of one now safe in heaven
I priz'd of yore ?

Or is it my name — a name I knew
Ere the flesh enwrapp'd me in its fold,
Sung through the spheres by a woman fond
With hair of gold ?

A FANCY.

If by some fateful chance to-night
We two should pass thro' death to make
Our way towards some planet mild,
And leaning in each other's arms,
Float down the air,
As seaweed floats adown a tide,
To freedom, ease and all delight,
Away from the old time,
Always away from the discordant earth,
Ever away, away from vile distrust,
From weariness, from care, from hated toil,
And in each other's eyes
Behold the Paradise
For which men yearn,
And be unto each other all in all, —
Should we not to the full be satisfied,
And in that present read our past aright?

THE IMMORTAL.

O bird of tender lay,
Far in the woodland drear,
Why sing through all the day
When none are by to hear?
The night shall come amain
To hush your strain.

O flow'rs of beauty bright,
Smiling in sunny dells,
Think ye the autumn blight
Idly its coming tells?
Decay shall bear your bloom
To deck his tomb.

Songs of the poet's heart,
Lit with a purpose high,
Think *ye* to form a part
Of what can never die?
Time, in its onward flow,
Shall quench your glow.

Goodness, and love, and truth,
Immortal from your birth,
Wand'ring in fearless youth
Throughout the troubled earth,
Change on your deathless grace
Shall leave no trace.

THE GRASSES.

Where are the grasses fair, the tender grasses
fair,

That were so frail and succulent and sweet,
That bent their verdant tips
Beneath the summer's lips
And cast their wealth of dew
Devoutly at her feet?

Beneath the scented dawn, the rosy, scented
dawn,

Lolling upon the zephyr's fairy tide,
They saw the coming light
Shine o'er the meadows bright
To kiss the golden leaf
And daisy open-eyed.

They saw the golden bee, the golden-coated bee
That dreams at ease upon the rose's breast,

Come forth to add his tune
To wanton airs of June,
And greet the linnet brown
Beside her grassy nest.

The brooklet flowing by, forever flowing by,
Sang through the willows of their fragile grace
To mosses cool and dank
Beneath the shady bank,
To all the light and bloom
And beauty of the place.

And through the drowsy noon, the drowsy
summer noon,
They mutely hung the limpid waters o'er,
And saw the cloud of snow
Deepen the wave below,
And read the symbol, wrought
For mortals who deplore, —

And knew that to the heart, the ever-sighing
heart,
There smiles the image of a promise fond :
"Above thine olden pain
Green hopes shall bud again
Beside the waters still
Of that calm land beyond."

Where are the grasses fair, the tender grasses
fair,
That waved their tassels by yon icy rill,
That heard the evening's sigh
Rustle the alders by,
While the long dreamy dark
Crept slowly down the hill?

COLUMBUS.

Through leagues of alien sea, with eager eyes
And steady courage, didst thou keep thy way,
Smiling on trembling fear as, day by day,
There came to thee from out the solemn skies
And the mysterious waves, sweet promises
Of land beyond. And lo ! before thee lay
A region whose delights in rich array
Repaid thine anxious toil and enterprise.
Again upon a sea unknown and wide
Didst thou with cheer set forth. But if the
 glow
Of a strange tropic shone across the tide
Like to a beacon flame, we may not know :
We can but dream of faces glorified,
Sunlight and gorgeous blooms and brooks aglow !

THE ARTIST'S VISION.

He look'd from out his prison pane,
The artist bent with heavy years,
And saw the muddy street, the rain,
The smoking steeds and dingy piers,
And ships preparing once again
For the broad main.

And none were by (the tears would start)
To speak of that which once had been,
When he, triumphant in his art,
Was sought and revered of men.
But now from all, with heavy heart,
He stood apart.

And pain was in his shrunken frame,
And anguish wrung his spirit high,
Though not for treasure lost with fame,
Nor thankless friends' inconstancy,
But that his once untarnish'd name
Was flung to shame.

Yet was he blest. For on his eyes
As the day darken'd and the stars
Sprinkled with light the holy skies,
There rose athwart his prison-bars
A woodland sweet with memories
Of Pan the wise.

He hears the sap whose subtile hand
Upfurls the leaves and holds them high,
Bright banners in a breezy land
Flaunting their folds against the sky,
And the round buds at spring's command
With life expand, —

Expand on all their piney stalks
Where trails the moss with dew o'erhung,
Like seaweed on projecting rocks
Whose tendrils by the tide are swung, —
Green floatage from time's wave which mocks
The ocean shocks.

And in the sunshine on a spray
A wondrous bird sings high and low :
"Away, away, away, away, —
Aye, there 'tis bright and roses blow,
And O ! and O ! and O ! and O !
And O ! and O !"

The artist lifts his noble head,
His veins athrob with younger life,
As with death's glories round her shed
Comes she whom once he knew as wife,
Crooning the song which comforted
Their babe long dead.

The light is on her glossy hair,
A smile is in her eyes serene,
As with the well-remember'd air
She waves her hand — a very queen —
While louder sings that bird in air
Of regions fair.

'Tis but a vision that will wane
Before the morrow opes its gate,
A loving trick'ry of the brain
To cheer a life made desolate,
And prove that under sharpest pain
Some joys remain ; —

That he who holds in sacred trust
His honor, manhood, — which are one, —
However fortune prove unjust
Can never wholly be undone,
Not though he pine in prison dust
And fare on crust.

That Hope can sing through sorrow's day
Of Southern lands we yet may know :
" Away, away, away, away, —
Aye, there 'tis bright and roses blow,
And O ! and O ! and O ! and O !
And O ! and O !"

NIGHTFALL IN JUNE.

The tide is going out :
The sun, descending, throws a burnish'd track,
Tremulous, rich and deep, along the waves
Which toss on either side, and sing their song,
And mar it not. Above, the clouds of gold
Glide on the shore of sunset. Lo ! they pause
And lift their wands, and brightly 'neath the
stream

Thousands of leagues they glitter — no, not they,
Their souls enfranchis'd, — for *they* still float on,
Regal, sustain'd, commanding, saints of God
That came to bless the hour and go their way.
Sweetly along the wood the darkling leaves
Whisper their adoration ; while the dew
Creeps drowsily adown the lily's edge
To sink upon her bosom. And the birds
Trill their good-night and seek their homes and
sleep.

Be Thou, O Spirit of that deep Beyond, —
That tranquil sea down which, in days to come,

Our barks shall glide, — feeling no more the
stress

Of storm and reef, but, merging into calm,
And light, and joy, and peace that is of Thee,
Thee and Thee only, who art all our good, —
Be Thou the watcher o'er this night of June.
And as the bud bends on her fragile stalk
Trustful and brave, though round her falls the
gloom,

And the wind rises, so may we, who need,
Feel that Thy strength is o'er us till the dawn
Opens its golden gates, and all is well.

THE SOUNDS OF NIGHT.

The curtain stirs its folds and seems to thrill
Expectantly, while o'er
The honeysuckle's web the whispering breeze
Creeps chilly, weaving on the chamber floor
A spray of lace-like shadow evermore.

The poplar, starting fitfully from sleep,
Shakes out its leaves, but soon
Sinks into dewy slumber with a sigh,
Content that not a twig athrob with June
Will miss the sunlight of to-morrow's noon.

In the wide marsh, smoking with vapor gray,
Where the flag bends its blade,
The bur-r-r and gurgle of the frog is heard,
While the lone whippoorwill in thorny glade
Monotonously wakes the pensive shade.

All sounds are sweetly blent, as though the
 night,
Tuning the world's harsh lyre,
Had righted its lax cords and strove to wake
The holy note which trembled from its wire
To win the hearts of Eden to aspire.

Sounds, many sounds arise, while through the
 gloom
We wait for slumber dear ;
But never — never — never as of yore
Can we with rapture sweet the music hear
Of footsteps that have sought the dreamless
 sphere.

Nor though we listen, can we hear the flow
Of Death's unmeasur'd sea,
Whose mighty tide at last shall flood the world,
Drowning all discords with its symphony,
And washing all souls white, O Dawn, for thee !

STRIKE THOU THE HARP.

Strike thou the harp, O Bard,
And lift thy voice on high,
And sing to doubting man
Of things that never die,
That live and have their day
When worlds decay.

Sing in thy sweetest strain,
And help his heart rejoice,
For he has weary grown
With longing for a voice
To teach him what is pure
And shall endure.

The earth to thee is fair :
For lo ! thine eyes are clear,
Thou standest on the heights
And seest far and near,
Whilst he, benighted, strays
Through noisome ways.

He recks not of the dawn
That brightens all thy sky,
Nor sees the gorgeous hues
That on dead roses lie,
Nor notes the eagle soar
Whose life is o'er.

And Joy to him is gone
When age comes on apace,
While o'er *thy* soul is shed
Forevermore her grace, —
Thou of the gods the last
That earthward pass'd !

Strike then the harp, O Bard,
And sing of things to be,
When Truth shall win at last
A bloodless victory,
And Wrong shall lose its sway
And pass away.

And in thy deathless song
Tell how the sons of men
Shall reap a harvest rich
That waves beyond his ken,
And bind its golden sheaves
On future eves.

Thou hast the sage's hope,
The seer's divinest sight,
And knowest how this dark
But leads to perfect light ;
That life evolves from death
Time's wand beneath.

That, in the atom frail,
Trodden by careless feet,
There sleeps, unborn, a world
For coming years to greet ;
That from such clay is wrought
Sublimest thought.

That strength — primordial — lurks
Within each tiny grain,
Which shall upheave the hills
And hold a giant main,
And from the dust evoke
A grove of oak ; —

And thrill in liquid fire,
Along the pansy's arm,
To turn its ruddy face
Up to the sunlight warm,
And all its leaves uphold
Through dark and cold.

Yea, this and more, O Bard,
Thou viewest from thy height.
See that to man is taught
The lofty creed aright,
That he may hope and wait
When dark his fate.

Teach him that naught shall die
Save only sin and pain ;
That from the weak and mean
To godhood we attain ;
That love is but to prove
A higher Love.

THE CORONATION OF THE HOLY MOTHER.

The glorious Virgin Mary was with great jubilee and exultation of the whole court of Heaven, and particular glory of all the saints, crowned by her Son with the brightest diadem of glory. — ROSARY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

The angels hush'd their harps of gold,
And stilled the songs they lov'd to sing,
And o'er its sands the crystal stream
With softer note went murmuring;
While through the portals open wide,
With such a rapture on her face
As added lustre to the place,
Came Mary to the Crucified.

She knelt amid that breathless host,
The mother, beautiful as day,
And on her brows was set with care
The circlet of her majesty.
And then the Queen of Angels strong,
While heaven with pæans rang anew,
Stood upright by the Christ, and drew
His hand in hers to clasp it long.

For though He was the King of kings,
In whom all strength and glory lay,
And though He was the God of Saints,
Who worshipp'd Him unceasingly,
She heeded not His honors won
Through toil and awful sacrifice,
But read His face with loving eyes,
And thought this thought alone : " My Son ! "

MARY, MOTHER OF OUR GOD.

Mary, mother of our God,
Let thy dear feet press this gloom,
 And thy presence fill the place,
And thy hand reach out for mine,
Comforting with touch divine,
 Till I dream I see thy face.

Always in the glory land
With the splendor on thy brows,
 Dweldest those by Him, the wise,
Who endur'd the agony
Felt by frail humanity
 Seeking a lost paradise.

Mother, undefiled and just,
How thy love with steady beam
 Pierces through the dusk of time,
While the cross uplifts its white
Glowing, moonlike, through the night,
 With a radiance sublime.

Never sorrow probes the heart
But thy smile can healing bring ;
 Never sin, though leprous vile,
Gives defilement to the soul,
But thy prayers can make us whole
 Through the grace of suffering.

Pray for us * till death shall give
Respite to the bleeding feet,
 Which on thorny ways have trod ;
Yea, be thou the one to plead
With that Love who meets our need,
 Mary, mother of our God !

* Holy Mary, pray for us, now and at the hour of our death. —
ROSARY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

THE LEGEND OF THE VIOLETS.

Passing through a pleasant mead,
Where a brook cut through the green,
Like a sheet of silver spread

 In a glory-lighted place,
Once a Spirit saw a weed
Sadly o'er the water lean,
Gazing at the sunset red
 Mirror'd on its laughing face.

And he listened where he stood,
Smiling in a tender way
As its plaintive voice arose

 O'er the gurgle of the wave :
"I was born for solitude,
And the sorrow of decay,
While thy current townward flows,
 And its waves a beauty have.

"All about me is the sound
Of the swelling buds that hold
Gorgeous tints that soon will vie
 With the colors of the west ;
But in me no grace is found
Which shall fragrantly unfold,
And unknown of joy am I,
 While my sister herbs are blest !"

Then the Spirit spoke and said :
"Lady of our Lord, I plead
That thou grant one other gift
 To the margin of this mere :
Let thy holy dew be shed
On this lone neglected weed,
Till a bloom its stem uplift
 With the brightest of the year."

And the little weed was still,
All its dusky leaves aglow
With the gem-light of the dew,
 And the star-ray of the skies ;
And our Mary sought the rill
Where the rushes rustle low,
There to make the violet blue,
 Like that Spirit's loving eyes.

Still she knelt in eager plight,
Working fast and silently,
When the morning rung its bells,
 Waking all the cloister wood.
And the violet frail and white
Is unpainted to this day ;
But a sweet tradition tells
 How she kiss'd, and thought it good ; —

Saying that the white should be
Emblematic of the dress
Which the Spirit wore that hour
 When he sought the meadow low.
Then she rose in majesty,
And her lingering caress
Is the odor which the flow'r
 Yields to all the winds that blow.

ON THE LAKE.

VIOLA AND ERIC.

VIOLA.

So softly do we enter, my belov'd,
This garden of the lilies, that the oar
Scarce stirs yon pointed buds, though from the
 cups
Of the full blossoms drips a perfume fine
To scent the water, while the hidden stalks
Lift safe and high above the tide their thick
And ample leaves.

ERIC.

As a strong soul sustains
Its hope above life's sorrows.

But behold

How the warm sunset spreads its gorgeous sheen
Along the low horizon, while the trees
Surge in the dusty fire, and seem to reel
Under the awful splendor, as, methinks,

Did Dante when he stood with Beatrice
And look'd on Paradise. It brings to mind
Those lines in the "Excursion" —

VIOLA.

Ha ! that bird —
A night-hawk, was it? How his sturdy wings
Whirr'd as he sped from sight ! But pardon,
dear :
You spoke of Wordsworth —

ERIC.

Or a work of his
Which Elia said was "ill put up in boards,"
And for his spleen Nemesis sent Carlyle
A roaring lion, who made game, we'll say,
Of the defenceless Lamb.

VIOLA.

You roam afield ;
Besides, my sympathy is with the clerk,
Who certainly was not below the salt
At the wit's table. As for him who drank
So greedily of gall, Dean Swift himself
Could not have been more savage. Let him pass.

ERIC.

Well said ! His stormy spirit ill accords
With this calm hour, which seems to quote for
me :

“Glory beyond all glory ever seen
By waking sense or by the dreaming soul.”

VIOLA.

And it says also, with an equal grace :
“The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration ;” for this thought
Of the same poet is applicable
To the fields southward, where the daisies stand
With the tall buttercups, as if their souls,
Piercing through yonder clouds, had caught a
glimpse
Of flow’rs immortal, and were petrified
At their own grossness.

Long ago I read,
I know not where, that were the race of men,
By some strange freak of nature, suddenly
To turn to stone, — man, woman, youth and
babe,
Each in the garb and with the self-same looks
They wore when the doom fell —

ERIC.

This world would be
A Vatican worth visiting !

VIOLA.

It would.

And somehow this was why I thought of flow'rs
Changed into rock. How lovely they would
look,

Tinted and delicate ! — each gauzy vein
Traced in a substance that would laugh at blight
And scorn the tempest, keeping without change
Their pristine beauty, that the eyes of those
Who shall come after us in ages hence
Might study as we study the white stars
Which lit the years forgotten.

ERIC.

Fi, my dear !

You jest with fact, as bards are wont to do,
And show your woman's hate of time which steals
Not only youth and love, but slowly gnaws
The granite into sand, — a hurricane
Would reap your daisies though the stems were
made

Of adamant, — and sweeps from the vast heavens
A host of constellations. Dost thou think
That anything shall watch the ages out,
Save Death and Mutability ?

VIOLA.

I do.

I think these lilies here, that droop their heads
 As though your blasphemous and gloomy doubts
 Were blight itself breathing among these leaves,
 Will keep from death an essence which again
 Shall be imprisoned in a lily-seed
 And germinate, lift leaf and dewy bud
 And golden-hearted blossom to a sun
 Brighter, perhaps, than ours. I hold that love
 Will sow eternity with fairer blooms
 Than blew in Eden. For I think *that* too
 Will live forever : " watch the ages out."

ERIC.

Nonsense !

You are a woman, and we know
 That women are born blind, which proves, I
 think,
 That Cupid is their idol, who will have
 No gods before him. I, who love you well,
 And drink from the blue chalice of your eyes
 My soul's elixir, would not have you think
 That this dear love of ours which we esteem
 Most precious, aye, essential to the weal
 Of our existence, can outlast the wear
 Of the bleak years which roll their tumbrils
 rude
 Along the weary stones that pave the path
 Of progress : tumbrils which convey poor souls

To kiss experience, time's guillotine.
I would not have you trick your honest heart
With the fool's fancy that we shall retain
Beyond this life of ours a thing so frail,
So like the perfume of a fleeting flow'r,
Which, when the blossom withers, wanders —
where?

VIOLA.

Eric, I like it not, this tune of yours
Which you are pleased to match to ev'ry song
Of hope and promise blessed which the soul
Sings for our cheering. Why, it augurs ill,
This talk of change in one who swore of late
To yield me his affection —

ERIC.

As I do :

I love you fully, and am satisfied,
Believing I am fully lov'd in turn ;
And yet, if it be true, as we are told
By dreamers of the Robert Browning type,
Who rant of transmigration, that we shed,
As the snake sheds his skin, the human flesh
And don it at our pleasure, — living here
As Mr. A., and there as Mr. B.,
And elsewhere in a higher plane, perhaps,
As some one greater, — yes, if this be true,

I cannot think that Ariadne's self,
However zealous, could conduct the thread
Of stronger love than ours through such a
 strange,
Perplexing labyrinth of destiny.

VIOLA.

Let us not talk of it. My heart recoils
And shudders like a weak and hunted thing
Which dogs have driven onward to the brink
Of the wild precipice. I cannot look
Into a depth so dreadful. O my love,
I seem to hear the rushing of that flood
Of life eternal, — life without your smile, —
And near us are the bloody hounds of death
To tear you from me.

ERIC.

Ha! you vision well,
For death, and time, and the harsh world which
 brawls
For gold and pow'r, are all at war with love.
Yet let us, while we may, enjoy her feast,
Lift her red goblet, wreath'd with myrtle green,
And drain it to the lees. Perchance some day a
When, having pass'd through many lives, and
 gain'd

One that is near to godhood,—having drawn
From each brief life its hoard of luscious love,
As the bee sucks from out the flow'r its store
Of honey juices, — I, alone, may sit,
Droning to golden beads the rosary
Of high affection. Should I touch at length
One brighter and more sacred than the rest,
Feeling a shock electric cut its course
Into my heart astonish'd, I shall know
'Tis not the sweet "our Father," nor the fond
"Hail Mary," but my lips will form the words
"Viola, thou wert love, the all-in-all!"
And then — and then, my dearest, I shall muse
On this bright eve when "glorious mysteries"
Were writ in characters of pink and gold,
Crimson and blue and purple, on the scroll
Of the metallic sky.

VIOLA.

And then?

ERIC.

And then

With eager joy I shall recall a maid
Trailing from a canoe a listless hand
Which scarcely feels the lily or the slush
Of the bright current, so intent is she
With gazing on a face.

VIOLA.

I said last night
That face was noble. More, 'tis beautiful ;
And though corruption claim it, and the things,
We dream of in this night-time we term life
Fulfil themselves hereafter, I shall keep
That face, that only, in my heart of hearts.
Love if you will the women who shall smile
And lean on you in future : but for me,
One love, a love like thine, is joy enough
To bless me for all time.

Hark ! from the shore
My brother calls. 'Tis growing late. The light
Has faded from the hilltops, and our boat
Rocks on the wind as rocks the wave. We land.
How strong your arms are ! Kiss me. Let us
haste !

In Other Lands.

I.

THE REAPERS.

Sitting beside my hearth-stone's bending flame,
With winter on the hills, and winds astir
In the shorn maple and the faded fir,
I hear a reaper call a maiden's name ;
And she, responding, leaves a riotous game,
And tossing on her skirt's uplifted fold
A rustling sheaf aglow with ripest gold,
Bears him gay company to whence they came.

Her bare feet press the stones with careless tread,
Her round cheek, luscious in its dewy blush,
Glow's richer in the sunset's lingering flush ;
And he, the youth, awkward and dumb and meek,
Lifts up shy eyes of longing, and would speak,
But fails, and offers her a flow'r instead.

II.

THE SAND STORM.

Fierce noontide quivers on a reach of sand,
Across whose white, aweary and with pain,
Pants a black motion, while a hurricane,
Far off, drives forward, as waves drive to land,
Churning, upheaving, roaring in a grand
Slaughter of calm ; while the long caravan
Breaks as fleets break in storm, and beast and
man

Struggle like drowning things who view a strand.
The hot dry storm darkens the scorching glare,
And whirls in wrath along the endless waste,
And one huge camel which for long hath pac'd
The desert ways, uplifts, as in despair,
His gaunt worn neck high in the stifling air,
And sinks — and from the tumult is effaced !

III.

EGYPT.

Egypt, thou aged suff'rer, like to Lear,
Who, standing 'mid thy pyramids of stone,
Hast seen the wreck of many a noble year,
And systems fail, and kingdoms overthrown :
Around thine ears the generations hum, —
Those puny flies that live but for a day,
And feel no grief that all thy joy is dumb,
Thy wisdom lost, thy grandeur passed away.
Yet oft for thee the Nile attunes its voice,
To sing of deeds which men remember not.
The desert sand makes thy lone heart rejoice
With legends bright no dark of time can blot ;
And through thy dreams there moves a royal
train,
And Cleopatra smiles and drinks her pearls
again.

IV.

TROPIC REEDS.

The sun comes up above the tropic glade.
Comes up with fire of gold and flame of rose.
Its splendor broadening till the reeds disclose
Beneath the glassy stream long ranks of shade.

Brown, delicate and beautiful they stand.
Etch'd on the glave, their blades with dew
empearled.
And Silence softly o'er their happy world
Rests with a smile benign her soothing hand.

Patient and moveless as a shape in stone,
A heron, standing in the sapphire stream,
Waits for the morning to complete its dream.
Waits, listening, intent, with head upthrown.

But never thro' the reeds shall Pan essay
The dulcet music of his flute to pour.
To break the silence as in days of yore :
Vainly she listens, facing the red day.

V.

MY CASTLE.

Over the sea is a castle fair,
Built by me in a kingdom rare ;
Its towers of gold are bright on high,
Its flags unfold to an azure sky.
There summer smiles on her dearest days,
And songsters warble their fondest lays ;
Never by dreamer's eye was seen
Fairer castle than mine, I ween.

Its beauty beams thro' the dusk of night,
Its glory gleams in the morning light ;
The sea rolls by with joyous song,
While breezes sigh its bowers among ;
And odors swept from the rose's charm
Breathe out their lives on the golden calm.
Blow, ye blooms, in that blessed clime,
Deathless, radiant through all time.

Over the hills when the sun is low,
Over the rills as they dancing flow,
The clouds delay on their crimson track,
While beauteous day looks fondly back.
"Lo ! all is well with the castle grand,"
Chimes out a bell thro' the charmed land,
Chimes and swings in its dome of snow,
Tinged with the rose of the western glow.

The years go by with their storm and shine,
But never an eye, save only mine,
Hath seen the light on that castle fall,
Or mark'd the height of its ivied wall.
The hurrying hosts of life afar
Come never that kingdom's prize to mar ;
Safe it stands in a land unknown,
Sacred, beautiful, all my own.

Over the sea to the castle fair,
Builded by me in a region rare,
My hope doth turn thro' the weary years,
Vanquish'd never by griefs and fears ;
There shine the jewels of price untold
That never tarnish and ne'er grow old —
Fancy, child of the air and light,
Ever thy dreams are to mortals bright !

Retrospection.

Whither tendeth through the dark of time and the roar of life's endeavor the streams of Joy and Love? Go thou to the sunless Sea of Change, and mark through thy weeping how silently they sweep into its tide, to mingle and be lost forevermore.

MY PAST.

"I have the memory of a happy past that can never be taken from me."

Circled with calm, and lit with richest sheen,
Thou liest, O my Italy ! I trace
Thy limpid streams threading with finest grace
The dreamy valleys through ; thy slopes of green,
Fields, meadows, hills, and skies that o'er them
lean.

Sweet are thy breezy shores, and low the lays
Of ocean waves drifting beneath the haze
Which haunts forevermore thy realm serene.
Thou art my Paradise, where yet abide
Youth, Hope and Love : in thee, with yearning
high —

Uplifting, to a dawn which never breaks,

Her beautiful proud face — is Constancy ;
And oft she sings of things that never die,
And many an echo clear her music wakes.

And I, who tread life's hilltop sloping low
To wintry death, look on thee thro' my tears,
And bless thee weeping ; for thro' all the years
That wait anigh, whether with weal or woe
My cup of fate fills to the overflow,
Thou wilt be mine — and thus I quell my fears ;
And daily, hourly, on my sight appears
Thy charm more lovely while I onward go.
No change can dim thy glory : long the dew
Shall gild the rose, the leaf its glow retain,
The birds sing on, and those whom once I knew,
Move through thy groves ideal, nor in vain
Call in familiar tones to wake anew
From mem'ry's airy lyre the fondest strain.

THE BROKEN LUTE.

Dost dream, dear Lute, of days that are no more
Of life a part,
When tender hands thy music did outpour,
And tender voices rose thy numbers o'er?
Then thou art mute indeed —
Like to my tuneless heart.

Dost feel that e'er true love's divinest song,
Throbbing with fire,
Can sweep again thy silent chords among,
Can wake the bliss that thrill'd thy being long?
Then thou art old indeed —
Like to this heart's desire.

O Lute ! my Lute ! upon thy form I see,
Thro' dust and stain,
A record sad of things no more to be,
Of voices lost and rarest minstrelsy.
Thus dost thou symbol life,
When joy gives room to pain.

DAYS DEPARTED.

"I recognize you, O smiling places, where I remember that joyfully I spent the quiet days of my former youth. Dear places, I do find you, but those days I find no more."

Aye, blessed scenes of former years,
I view ye as in hours of yore,
And note the gleam on field and stream,
The glory on the rugged shore,
The leaves that tremble overhead,
The mossy bank whereon I tread, —
But ah ! those days I find no more.

Methinks yon sea-gull, soaring free
Above the tossing foam, must know
With what a sigh I cast my eye
To where the proud ships outward go ;
With what a thrill of nameless pain
I watch his flight with sad refrain :
" So fled the days I find no more ! "

Methinks the sunset's golden tide
That ebbs adown the glowing west,
Must mark how strange, how full of change,
Have been my days since I was blest ;
Since last with hope I trod the strand
And smiled to feel that tender hand
Which now, O days, I find no more !

The poplars toss their silver leaves,
The sparrows chirp upon the spray,
The groves repeat their music sweet,
And thus it was in childhood gay ;
But ah ! the dreams so wild and bright
Have changed to gray like sunset's light,
And those lov'd days I find no more.

THE OLD GARDEN.

I dream of a garden bright
By a cottage old and gray,
Where the shadows came at night
And the golden sun by day ;
Where the locusts bent to the summer wind,
The breezy wind, the joyous wind,
That swept from the fields of clover.

I dream of the lily's grace,
And pinks in their crimson vest,
Of the daisy's fairy face
And th' rose in her glory dress'd ;
Of the happy bees that humm'd their lay,
Their idle lay, their dreamful lay,
To the light — the listless rover.

And the hollyhock was there
With its cups of gorgeous hue,
And the pansy fresh and fair
Aglow with the morning dew :

And the robin sang to his cheery mate,
His doting mate, his matron mate,
A song of the gracious Giver.

And over the cottage eaves,
Thro' the season sweet and calm,
The woodbine wove with mystic leaves
A verdurous tangled charm ;
And above, the clouds went idling on,
Went drifting on, went sailing on,
Like swans on an azure river.

My playmate lov'd the spell
Of that garden quaint and old, —
Her smiles, as of yore, I tell,
And the curls of wavy gold, —
And hand in hand thro' the radiant bloom,
The scented bloom, the luscious bloom,
We sought for our latest treasure.

Aye, the sunbeams waver yet
O'er the fields of green and red,
But my darling's sun is set,
And my garden's bloom is dead ;
And, 'stead of the song of the olden days,
The careless days, the mirthful days,
I list to a mournful measure.

MY FLOWER.

Once upon a time, when I was young,
And the earth was brighter in its bloom,
And the roses sweeter in perfume,
Walking thro' the wood one morning fair,
I espied a flower of beauty rare.

All alone beside the rock it grew,
And above it in the sunny light
Stood a pine tree, goodly to the sight;
So beneath its spreading boughs I sat,
And resign'd my thoughts to this and that.

In the bay, aglow with yellow sun,
All the patient ships at anchor lay,
And the waters kiss'd them in their play,
Bath'd the rocks that slept upon the shore,
And their mystic rhymes repeated o'er.

Silver clouds above the purple hills,
Bending earthward with a stately grace,
Breath'd their benediction o'er the place.
Never waters whisper'd deeper lore,
Or diviner glories lit the shore.

Ah, my Heart ! you keep the picture dear,
And arising on my inner sight
I behold it through my tears to-night.
Age and care may bring us griefs untold,
But no change can mar the joys of old.

While I ponder'd in a dreamy mood,
Lo ! the west wind mov'd the branches green,
Happy branches in the summer sheen,
And my flower, with motion soft and slow,
Wav'd its shadow on the rock below.

Long ago its glory fell to dust ;
But I think that, far from mortal eyes,
In the blessed clime of Paradise,
I shall see its spirit, strange and fair,
As it smiled upon the granite there.

I shall know it by its leaves of light,
By its tenderness and odor sweet,
By its beauty, wondrous and complete ;
And 'twill whisper how the waters sung
Once upon a time, when I was young.

A LOST SUMMER.

I listen through the falling of the rain,
And sighing leaves that eddy round the door,
And almost think I hear thy voice again
 And see thine eyes,
And greet their smile once more :
But no, the flow'rs are dead,
Naught can their bloom restore.

The clock ticks on to strike our meeting hour ;
Th' expectant hush steals o'er my longing heart,
And back again, with all their olden pow'r,
 Come hope, and faith,
And joy, of love a part :
But ah ! the birds are fled,
Hush'd is their minstrel art.

I press my head against the darken'd glass,
And dream thy step draws near the portal's vine,
That tendrils cling, caressing, as you pass,
 To touch the door,

To reach your hands for mine :
Ah me ! that vine is bare,
Its leaves nor dance nor shine.

“Dear love, the past is ours,” so sings a voice ;
“No change nor blight shall ever reach that shore ;
Sweet are the streams that make its vales rejoice,
 Fair is the clime
And blest forevermore :
Be strong. Arise and go.
Safe are the dreams of yore.”

THROUGH THE STORM.

What is that at the door,
While the wind shrills high
And the rain drives by,
And waves on the shingles pour?

The shutters creak and strain,
And I seem to feel
The old cottage reel,
As a ship reels on the main.

Is it a sea-gull gray
That taps at the sill
With his horny bill,
His fierce wings dripping with spray?

What doth he bring to me
In his knotted claw,
From the cruel maw
Of the monster wreck-fed sea?

Is it but worthless sand?
Or — oh, bitter thought
With an anguish fraught! —
A ring from a dead man's hand?

Saw he a form emerge
From the glassy cave
Of a swinging wave,
To rest a space on its verge, —

Ere down the liquid steep,
Agleam with the light
Of a moonbeam bright,
It sped to the yawning deep, —

While shapes of uncouth guise
Clutch'd at the hair,
And the forehead fair,
And the dreamy, sightless eyes?

Nay, it is not a bird
Which hath brought to me
From the crashing sea
A gem and a farewell word.

The sound has sought the pane,
And I dimly trace
A delicate face
Adrip, like a flow'r, with rain.

Still — as a statue white —
While an inward glow
Lights a brow I know,
It stands in a niche of night.

Beautiful, lift thy head,
And dispel this trance
With thy mournful glance,
Till my heart is quieted.

But hark ! the spectral blast
Calls thee o'er the wave
To thy empty grave —
Go, ghost of a joy long past !

LEAVITT'S LANE.

In Leavitt's lane the dews are bright,
And common flowers are blowing,
While on its course, by many a curve,
The dusky brook goes flowing,
As all the day the summer winds
Play on the reach of grass —
A verdant lake across whose tide
The lights and shadows pass,
To throw
Gold on the buttercups,
And on the daisies snow.

There by the hour the idle cloud,
Large, soft and silver-white,
Hangs pois'd above the cottage quaint,
Its crest aglow with light ;
The sunbeams cross in silent play
Their sabres by the stream,
And drowsily the wave trends on
As in a blissful dream,
To be
Drawn slowly from its calm
Into the turbid sea.

A hilltop lifts its breezy slope
That little brook anear,
And there the spruce and maple tall
Stand upright, tier on tier.
They bend their tops and wave their wands,
And sing a happy song,
And slowly, slowly all the while,
The current moves along,
To gain
That strength of larger life
Known only to the main.

Above, but hidden by the trees,
Safe, silent and alone,
The dead sleep on, nor heed the sun
Smiting the shafts of stone ;
Sleep on while sighs the pleasant wind
And blooms their breath outpour,
And seaward speeds the eager stream,
Rejoicing evermore,
Nor deems
That progress is but pain,
Which puts an end to dreams.

In Leavitt's lane with blithesome steps,
And laugh outringing wild,
There frolick'd in the days gone by
A dark-eyed radiant child,

Plucking the daisy from its stem,
The lily from its stalk,
While in its bed, with gurgling sound,
The current seem'd to talk,
And say,
"Youth is but brief, dear girl,
Laugh on while yet you may."

She knew where, shaggy and uncouth,
The robbins' nest was hung,
And how the minnows by the dam
Their finny rudders swung ;
Her glancing feet, with soft bare tread,
Dabbled the sunlight's gold
Which glisten'd on the rocking wave
With motion manifold.

And O,
The brook swept on and on
With swift and steady flow.

The roof-tree in the field remains,
Elm-shaded as of yore ;
But womanhood has won the child,
And death has sought that door ;
And all is changed and sadder grown,
Save only Nature's face ;
For still the brook flows on and on
With all its old-time grace,

And fain
Would sing the song of cheer
For aye by Leavitt's lane.

AFTERNOON IN THE COUNTRY.

Long sloping fields, where silken grass
Waves with the dandelions fresh,
And orchard boughs of pink and snow
Which shake the odors from their mesh,
As the wind sways them to and fro,
And up and down,
And fast and slow.

A shallow stream as blue as steel
Flashes its sabre in the sun,
Keen and cool, and broad and bare,
And the sharp rushes which uprun
Their needles in the yielding air,
Nor heed the wave,
Nor note the glare.

And hills that lift their purple globes
(Thro' which we see the shapes of trees)
Above the soft submerging haze,
And birds that fling their melodies
Along the drowsy orchard ways
In notes of joy
And notes of praise.

A cottage near whose open door
The lilacs wave their dingy green,
While the rank woodbine pours its shade,
The diamond-trellis prop between,
To fall in lace across the braid
Of a low-brow'd
And dreamy maid.

A spacious barn with ample eaves,
Where round and round the swallows skim,
And the kine waiting by the bars,
Their large moist eyes with peace abrim,
And clouds that seek the hidden stars
Along the low
Horizon's rim.

An idler on his shoulder broad
Steadies a child in riotous play,
His handsome face upturn'd, as down
The grassy path he makes his way,
The gold curls blending with the brown,
Their faces fresh
As is the day.

A feeble crone who journeys on
Along the highway's dust and heat,
Pauses awhile with pensive air
To view the picture still and sweet :

“A girl,” she sighs, “with sun-fleck’d hair,
Where droop the blooms
Like purple wheat.

“Ah me, ’twas thus in youth I sat,
As comely and as gayly dress’d,
To watch for one whose loving arms
With rapture drew me to his breast;
And that fair child with all his charms
Is like, so like,
Our first and best!

“And he who bears him lightly on,
As only the warm-hearted can,
Whose limbs are strong and grandly wrought
By kindly nature’s noblest plan,
Is like to one who cheer’d my lot —
My man, my man,
My dear old man!”

SACRIFICED TO MOLOCH.

She glides adown her spacious halls,
A woman calm and proud and cold,
And haughty is the silken sweep
 Of her costly dress,
 Whose loveliness
Vies with the glory of the deep.

And on her gems the lamplight glints,
And smites their beauty into flame,
And none accuse her of a wrong,
 As onward she
 In majesty
Moves slowly through the votive throng.

And he is there whose gold hath bought
The freedom of her girlhood's day,
Whose hand hath led her forth to ease,
 And in whose eyes
 She wears the guise
Of calm content his love to please.

And proudly looks on all around,
This lady of the royal air,
And "She is blest!" they whisper low,
 "And none can say
 She cast away
For naught her heart and beauty's glow."

And on her gems the lamplight falls,
And in her eyes the smile is seen, —
Like sunlight o'er a sabre cast, —
 Nor do they see
 How longingly
Her thoughts turn backward to the past, —

To note a cottage where the vine
Creeps richly round the sunny roof,
And watch the singing trees that lift
 Their branches high
 Against the sky
While clouds above them whitely drift ; —

To see the hollyhock and mint,
The sun aslant the drooping leaves,
The lily blowing as of yore,
 The garden gate
 Where, soon or late,
A form shall pass to gain the door.

“Aye, thou wert poor and I was proud,
And now — ’tis well — why should I grieve? —
I have my wealth, and thou — hast art :
 But could I be
 Again with thee,
No fate should rend our lives apart.”

IN A BALL-ROOM.

I.

Fancy, meandering thro' the range of thought,
Sees a vast throng of dancers moving down
A marble hall with countless lilies strown,
And bright with hangings all with gold en-
wrought,

While the light glitters on a statue brought
From distant Rome, — a Venus holding high,
With uprais'd face, and arm curv'd daintily,
Her flow'r of Love, as if a charm she sought.
She stands with naked breast whose senseless
stone

Is all athrob with life, so fair it seems,
Her body drooping as though drowsy dreams
Clung yet about her, while one limb outthrown
From the scant vesture all the grace has caught
Which, shunning nature, lives in art alone.

II.

The dancers pass the statue one and all,
Gay women, handsome men and maidens young,
In sheen of silk and gleam of jewels rare,
Threading the footsteps of their leader tall,
Who, moving slowly down the spacious hall,
Returns and notes that flower held in air,
And starts as if by bitter mem'ry stung,
While steadily the notes arise and fall.
Proud, careless, haughty, with the mocking jest
Fresh on his lips, he trembles as with cold,
Seeing that arm so like to *hers* in mould,
And then — he draws his partner to his breast,
And moves her thro' the waltz less carelessly,
That she he lov'd is in her grave at rest.

THE CARD-PLAYER.

"Dead," did you say? I had not heard —
Your turn to deal. I knew her well
Before her marriage, when she drew
Hearts after her, as ladies do
In whom we see divinely blent,
Beauty and grace to ravishment,
That holds the soul as in a spell.

She had such dainty ways, and when —
Hearts trumps? I pass — and when her eyes
Met yours, you felt no longer wise,
But stupid and ashamed and mean,
So spiritual and serene,
So full of gentle dignity
And lily loveliness, was she
In her pure life's sufficiencies.

I mind me how, one autumn day,
Just when the leaves were turning red,
I met her near the bridge where drones
The brook along its path of stones;
And shadows in the willows high
Drop thro' the leafy canopy,
And o'er the sylvan way are shed.

She bore a pitcher, old and quaint,
And, dimpling to the color'd rim,
The water sparkled in the sun ;
When, pausing, in her girlish fun,
She laugh'd a happy laugh and free,
And bade me drink to Memory,
Her eyes with mockery abrim.

“I drain'd,” you say, “the Circe's cup” ?
Not I ; nor do I care to hear
The taunting jest while — how this smoke
Weakens the sight and makes one choke
And sicken — air ! ah ! that will do :
I'm better. Oft upon my view
Rises that scene in outline clear.

And thro' my mind there sounds the rill
Flooding with ripples gold and brown
The slimy dam, where, in his blue
And burnish'd coat, forever new,
The dragon fly, a monitor,
Cuts the sun current with a whirl,
Beating his fierce wings up and down.

And while the willows with their prone
Thick branches sing a low refrain,
I see a young Rebecca sweet,
Spilling a nectar at my feet —

A holy water — which, to-day,
Could wash my darkest sin away,
Were I to feel its touch again.

She toss'd her curls, and with a nod
Tripp'd lightly past the shallow pool;
And I — I went my course; you know
'Twas nearly thirty years ago —
I've lost a point — and now she lies
Beside her child, where foreign skies —
“I lov'd her”? I? Don't be a fool!

The Poet.

UNEXPRESSED.

Listen ! how sweet the song,
How pure the thought of the poet
As he sings in the light of fame,
A melody clear and strong.
Well, ye deem he is at his best,
O fools, and show it
By jarring his finer sense
With harsh acclaim.

Ye who stand on the plain,
Nor ever ascend the mountain,
Whose feet know but the mire,
And whose largest aims pertain
To the things that will profit most
In man's accounting,
Ye reckon your idle praise
Doth his song inspire.

Wait till he sits some day
With no one by to see him,
While truths he fain would teach
Pierce him with agony.
Then, then ye should hear his heart
Call death to free him,
So fierce are his thoughts and stern
That vanquish speech.

He sees the world's black wrong
As only bard can see it ;
He feels the world's death fears,
Though brave he is and strong,
And all his musings grave
But teach him that, albeit
Life yield her rarest joys,
Still have we cause for tears.

Ever with strength replete,
Born of this bitter longing,
The songs clash in their might
As swords in battle meet,
High thoughts and full of force,
Like mailed warriors thronging
From shadow into sun
To scale a rampart height.

But not for ye, O slaves,
Outrings their music holy,
Which mingles in his mind,
As waves merge into waves.
Never can eye of yours
Pierce through his melancholy
To read aright his soul,
O fools and blind !

POESY.

In thro' the gates of pearl,
Shining beneath a morning fresh and bright,
From toil, and dust, and heat,
The poet enters on a world of light.

And there the waters glide,
Brightly the sunny fields and meadows thro',
And grasses bend their heads
To count their rosary of shining dew.

And there the airy fern
Stirr'd by the ripples, waves its slender rod,
And casts in finest lines
A moving shadow on the mossy sod.

And there, on golden days,
The happy bee hums to the rose its tune,
And dreams with drooping wing
Thro' the long silence of the drowsy noon.

Softly the poplars gray
Whisper the mournful legend far and wide
Of One who wrought for man,
And in the olden time was crucified.

Softly the sailing pines
Move in the deeps of sunlight and the day,
And on the breeze's tide
Their pennons rise and fall and rise away.

In thro' the gates of pearl,
O sacred realm, guarded by grief and tears,
The poet's soul doth pass
To view thy realm and mingle with his peers.

And there, with glad surprise,
He feels again the hopes accounted o'er,
And greets with rapture high
His youth's ideal, fairer than of yore.

Safe in thy blessed realm,
Shining beneath a morn divinely sweet,
Renew'd in hope and faith,
He wanders on to find a rest complete.

ASPIRATION.

A bird of shining plumage,
As white as driven snow,
Sails slowly in the sunlight pure,
While storm-clouds frown below.

Its eyes are soft and radiant,
Its wings are large and strong,
And o'er the dark, against the glow,
It sings a mystic song.

Out from a region balmy,
Into a northern zone,
With downy breast and tranquil heart
Has come that bird alone, —

Singing the selfsame ditty
It sang beyond the seas,
Where waters kiss the charmed isles
Of blest Hesperides.

Ever its music thrilling
Pierces like steel the heart
Of one who, groping thro' the gloom,
Lives from his kind apart.

A man of humble station,
And spirit bruis'd with woe,
Branded with that Promethean flame
Which only poets know.

His form is bent and shrunken,
His hair is scant and gray,
As onward with his staff of oak
He wends a weary way, —

Yielding to flint and bramble
The blood of pilgrimage,
And to the winds the bitter sighs
Of loneliness and age.

Life in its harshest semblance
Has mock'd his purest dreams,
And failure of Medusa brows
Distorted all his schemes.

Alone, despis'd and homeless,
Keeping the deathward course,
He hears that bird against the sun
His cheering notes rehearse.

He hears, and all his being
Thrills with a joy complete,
While like a harp his genius wakes,
Hailing that music sweet.

Not for the gold of princes,
Not for the joys of sense,
Would he, the wretched, old and worn,
Sell his inheritance.

For him that beauteous songster
Has brav'd the northern clime,
For him, above the brooding storm,
Rises the strain sublime.

For him, against the sunlight,
With darkness spread below,
Circles that bird of motion soft,
And plumes as white as snow.

NATURE'S HOMAGE TO THE POET.

The tide crawls in from deep to strand,
To kiss his feet with ripples clear,
And crumpled shells that deck the sand
Fling out their tints when he is near ;
For him the shy,
Bright butterfly
Floats with the sunbeam down the air
As goldenly and silently.

For him in all the gardens gay
The pansies blossom year on year ;
And lo ! as if to shield his way,
The grasses keen their blades uprear ;
And in a row
The tulips blow
Their gorgeous trumpets to the sun,
And swing them with a motion slow.

The breeze that stirs the water blue
Which stripes yon reach of green, my dear,
Sings not for me, nor yet for you,
But for his fine poetic ear :
 Its meaning wise
 Upon his eyes
Grows luminous as point of star
Which cuts the film of dusky skies.

The Poet, once a god, has come
To bless the world with music-cheer,
And at his voice the birds are dumb,
As though enrapt such notes to hear ;
 And in the vale
 The daisies frail
Lift up their tambourines of white,
And beat them on the passing gale.

Be sure you give with willing heart
A share of love and praise sincere
To him, the worthy son of art,
Whose home is in a larger sphere ;
 Nor greet with scorn
 His lightest song,
But stand with reverent eyes and see
The spirit-bards that round him throng.

WITH KEATS.

Now, while the leafless branches toss and swing,
Moaning their former verdure and the light
Of summer, which no more shall o'er them fling
Its flakes of sunshine, and the stormy night
Draws closer its wet curtain, let me hear
Thy Nightingale once more its ditty sing.

And as its music gladdens all the gloom,
As thrillingly, perchance, as on that eve
When, sitting with sad thought beneath the doom
Of thy brief life, its music woke to leave
Rapture on all thy senses, quit, dear Heart,
For one brief hour the quiet of the tomb, —

And take this chair beside me, where the glow
Of yonder fire shall flicker o'er thy face,
To lighten up its pallor, and bestow
On ev'ry feature an ideal grace,
Such as thy thought gave to Hyperion's strong
A majesty which souls exalted know.

And be thou comforted ; for thou hast won
The laurel, and thy name is writ no more
On water, but beneath Fame's blazing sun
It shines on adamant and shall endure ;
And those who mock'd thee speak no more the
word
Of scorn and hatred, for their course is run.

Let me believe that at thy feet I kneel
And love thee, — for 'twas love that pass'd thee
by, —
While subtilely along our senses steal
The rich delights of perfect sympathy,
And thou shalt be my Porphyro, and I,
Thy Madeline, will heed thy fond appeal.

And through this " elfin storm from fairy land,"
Like home-returning eagles we will hie
From life's Siberian waste to that far land
Lit by the dawn of immortality, —
For who can ponder on such gifts as thine,
Nor look beyond the grave at Love's command !

Forever on through realms of being new,
Unsought, unheeded, will we keep our course,
While fairer scenes than all thy dreamings drew
In days whilome, will our glad eyes rehearse, —
Reaches of amber sky, and strips of plain
With blossoms brighter than in Eden blew ; —

And pebbly shores where, girt by birch and pine
Sonorous, rolls the grass in waves of green,
And the pink blossoms of the hardy vine
Balance like buoys on the billowy sheen,
And shards of granite glittering, and white
sands,
And seaweed with its beads adrip with brine.

Methinks that brave Lorenzo, when he drew
Towards the "bower of hyacinth and musk,"
Or wan Endymion drowsing in the dew
When first Diana sought him in the dusk,
Felt not the ecstacy that will be ours,
Love-led, sun-lighted, all the ages through !

Yes, thy fair body for a time discards
Corruption's weight, and gathers up once more
Its beauteous parts, nor time nor space retards.
Now thou art with me — ah ! and I adore ! —
And outward swiftly from the flesh we glide,
"Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards."

Nay, I but dream and dream, while on the hearth
The embers darken, and without the sleet
Sounds louder its harsh trump, as if in mirth
That hope is a mirage, and love a cheat,
And that from worthy souls we keep the tithes
Of homage due — till they have pass'd from
earth !

THE BROOK'S LAMENT FOR BURNS.

A brook sang softly in the wood

By mossy stones and breezy ferns :

"I long for him to wake my fame,

The man whom poets fondly name

Sweet Robert Burns.

"My roses bend on weary stalks,

And cast their leaves when fall returns,

For something from their cheer is lost,

Now he is gone who priz'd them most, —

Fond Robert Burns.

"My daisies drop their fragrant tears

And fill the grasses' spiral urns,

To honor him whose eager eye

Could all their covert charms espy, —

Keen Robert Burns !

"And daily to my limpid wave,

The lily bright its cup upturns

To drink to him whose songs entwine
Their tendrils with the purple vine,*—
Our Bacchus Burns.

“My winds steal upward from the shore
Where jagged rocks the billow spurns,
And sweetly on the summer day
They breathe a pensive roundelay
For tuneful Burns.

“I call him in the eerie night
While heart for heart with passion yearns :
But lass and laird shall watch in vain
For him who knew so well their pain, —
The lover Burns.

“I call him when the fainting year
Through falling leaves its fate discerns :
Nor yet responds that fearless tongue
Whose words o'er time and death have rung, —
Immortal Burns !”

The brook goes singing on its track,
And at the deep this lesson learns :
However gifted man may be,
There waits for him death's mystery.
Alas, dear Burns !

* 'Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine! ev'ry Spirit exclaim'd,
Hail, hail to the wine-tree, all hail! — MOORE.

THE POET-INFIDEL.

Shelley ! thy proud white spirit, condor-brave,
Kept to its Alpine height until thy day
Darken'd and was no more, and bigotry
And scorn and pious hatred bless'd the wave
That swept in wrath thy beauty to the grave.
We who look back would fain anoint with care
Thy blessed course, and in love's cerements rare
Enwrap thee, but an angel guards thy grave.
He sits with ashen face and eyes of scorn,
Erect, unmov'd ; and some esteem him Fate,
While others, shrinking, hail him as Too Late ;
And " Lo ! " he says, " ye crucify at morn
Your heroes, and at night would desecrate
The tomb, their bleeding bodies to adorn."

Yes, thou hast gone, brave heart, to seek thy
peers,
Who fell on the bleak desert of the dead,
And Rachel-wise we weep uncomforted,
Though sweetly rings thy voice along the years.

Still, Error bold her hydra-head uprears,
And the priest lolls in purple, while without,
Cold and an hunger'd, bearing pain and doubt,
His slaves delve on, regardless of thy jeers.
Was thy life wasted? didst thou write for naught,
O gifted Soul? or didst thou live to see
The perfect rounding of thy destiny
By stern events? — while from thy pain was
 caught
A flaming truth to light the days to be,
When all shall know it was a *man* who taught!

A GREETING TO POETS.

O hearts that are loving and true,
O hearts that are fearless and strong
 To bear and to dare to the end,
To wait under shadow or shine,
With faith and with patience divine !
 I greet you as friend greeteth friend.

You look on the plain and the cape,
And ships coming in from the deep
 With treasure of gold and of silk,
And list to the waters that pour
In music the bright pebbles o'er,
 Their foam-caps as argent as milk.

You hear the soft song of the pines
Where boughs weave their shadow of leaves,
 And mosses are dank by the brake,
And squirrels outflashing are seen
To leap down a cavern of green,
 As rapids leap down to the lake.

Not vainly for you doth the cloud
Turn sunward its mystical shield,
 All flaming with scarlet and sheen,
As gorgeous as that which of yore
The Arthur-lov'd Lancelot bore
 In days of the fond "lily queen."

Not vainly for you doth the grove
Sweep softly its moss-laden harp,
 And give to the morning the lays
Which often to Daphne were sung,
When round her the laurel-green hung,
 And winds sought her long in amaze.

Your souls are attun'd to the spheres,
O poets, O lovers, O knights !
 And you are the gods of to-day,
More comely, more noble, more blest,
Than those who have enter'd their rest
 To slumber forever and aye.

Yet lovely were they in their youth,
From poet Apollo, who swept
 The lyre bewailing his loss,
To sweet Ganymede whose face
In Jupiter's kingdom found grace,
 Or grand-hearted Christ on the cross.

I see Him on Calvary's hill,
Where darkness rolls over the day,
And temples are rock'd by the blast,
And His face lights the horror and night,
A luminous statue of white,
Benignant and grand to the last.

What marvel, dear poets of old,
That, smiting your harps through the years,
You sing in divinest accord :
"He treads our Olympus of faith,
The refuge, the comfort in death,
The perfect, the *only*, our God !"

O hearts that are loving and true,
O hearts that are fearless and strong
To bear and to dare till the end,
To wait under shadow or shine,
With faith and with patience divine !
I love you as friend loveth friend.

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Miscellaneous Poems.

THE CITY BY LAMPLIGHT.

Yonder a line of golden balls
Glow on the black of the chilly night,
And there, as those cars swing round the curve,
We see the flash of a crimson light,
With others tawny, and soft, and bright ;
And here overhead an electric sun
Burns its globe of white, —
The watchman whose big round eye of pow'r
Looks from his height
From hour to hour.

Jingle ! jangle ! the cars drag by,
Rumble ! rumble ! the wheels roar by,
While the thousand feet
Keep up their beat
On the stony street.

Hurrying, worrying, jostling, go
The human ants
On this hill of life
That looks so low,
So mean, to the angels up in heaven, —
But they were forgotten long ago.

Jingle ! jangle ! the cars drag by,
Rumble ! rumble ! the wheels roar by,
While the weary feet
Forever beat
On the cruel street.

Nobody cares for his brother-man,
Nobody cares for the Christ of old,
In this greed for gold,
This search for ease,
This lust for fame, —
He is but a name !

Hark ! how they come and go,
The crowds that jostle so !
Hark ! how they thread their way unweetingly
To death's cavern dim and damp
That yawns below !
Wherefore this fret and din ?
Wherefore this tryst with sin ?
This toil, this woe ?

REFORMERS.

Climb on, heroic Souls,
 From night to day,
Ye who have nerve to dare
 The giddy way !
Climb till, through toil and pain,
The starry height ye gain.

Ye are the workers brave
 That soon or late
Surely shall bring the New
 To Church and State ;
Ye are ambassadors
Chosen by Freedom's Cause.

Sad are the hearts of men,
 Dead are their creeds,
Naught comes through all the years
 To meet their needs ;
Weeping, they turn to ye,
Nobly to set them free.

On, then, heroic Souls,
Tho' dark the hour :
Strength shall descend to cheer
When faints your pow'r ;
Yea, till the night be gone,
On ! to the glory, on !

THE COST OF GREATNESS.

ACROSTIC.

Except thro' pain, thou canst not reach the
higher ; *

Desist from toil, and fame will fickle be,
What time thou giv'st thy thought to revelry,
Indulging harmful ease and young desire.
Not hope alone achieves, tho' hope is strong,

But constant purpose. Those who most aspire,

Labor as those who serve a tyrant slave,
Omitting neither care nor patience long.
What matter tho' the course be dark and cold,
Essay to win the race and gain the cup of gold !

* There is a lower and a higher. — TENNYSON.

THE HEIGHTS.

Beyond the valley fresh with flow'rs,
And morning dew and sighing wind,
Where linger long the summer hours,
Its purest joys and sweets to find ;
Above the plain of sober green,
O'ershadow'd by foreboding skies,
Where youth assumes a graver mien,
The bare and rugged heights arise.
And on their summit, strong and grand,
Unshaken by the stormy blast,
The towers of Fame and Knowledge stand,
Whose light is ever downward cast.
And mortals on the quiet plain,
Behold their splendor thro' the night,
And some with tears have said, " 'Tis vain !
I cannot reach yon distant height."
But braver hearts, whose hopes are strong,
Whose patience cheers the sunless day,
Whose earnest faith surviveth long,
Though dreams depart and friends betray,

Such hearts with joyous throb have hail'd
The promise which their genius gives,
And toiling on, have never fail'd
To reach the heights where glory lives.

THE RIVER.

Sing, happy river, to the distant sea,
Beneath thy sunny banks of starry flow'rs,
While from yon grove the wild bird's melody
Trills sweetly, purely, over hill and lea,
To float in fine, clear notes
Adown the ebbing hours.

Thy waters glint among the hollow reeds,
And thro' the alders dark that rustle low,
While morning breezes from the fragrant meads
Steal thro' the ferns to tell the many deeds
Which have been wrought by time,
Who cannot stay thy flow.

Around thee is the charm of summer's day, —
Green fields and sighing trees and golden moss,
But when this beauty shall have pass'd away,
Thou wilt glide on thro' change and thro' decay,
Nor pause to mark the blight,
Or to lament thy loss.

Thy fearless waves shall lave the pebbles still,
Shall laugh and ripple to the wintry blast,
And push their course with an undaunted will
Thro' snow and ice, thro' valley and by hill,
To meet with joy the sea,
And claim their own at last.

Sing, O my River, for thy soul is strong,
Sing thro' the night-time to a barren shore.
No right hath man to chide thy joyous song,
For thou art blest, tho' shadows o'er thee throng,
While onward is thy way,
Aye, on forevermore !

MAGURRAWOC MOUNTAIN.

Bare and grim it faces the west,
To watch the sunset tossing high
Its gorgeous jets that change and fall,
And sink in that mighty fount, the sky ;
And the river, with longing musical, —
An Alpheus fretting against the beach
For an Arethusa out of reach.

Yes, it is bleak with snow to-day ;
But come when Nature cuts again
By old-time patterns the maple leaves, —
Scallop'd and satiny, vein on vein, —
And packs them into their husks, and heaves
Them upward towards the waiting sun,
Which shall pry them open, one by one.

Come when the wind is all astir
To smooth with care their creases fine,
As they loll and swing on threads of wood,
While the mouse-like eyes of the sparrow shine
Where she sits and dreams of her future brood,
And knows that a lullaby will be
Sung over their cot incessantly ; —

While the robin leaps from bough to bough,
Riotous, reckless, a debauchee,
With gaudy vest and glossy coat,
And a heart that beats right merrily,
As the dauntless ring of his sturdy note
Sends a thrill of rage thro' the blackbird
harsh,
Skimming below o'er the sultry marsh.

Looking down on the reach of mead
When the breeze is stirring it thro' and thro',
It seems like seaweed rank and bright
Riding at ease the waves of blue ;
And Magurrawoc stream here at the right
Is a boa basking the reeds among,
Strip'd with shadow and fleck'd with sun.

Never before since worlds began
Was stream so tangled in the grass,
Never down softer wave, I ween,
Did white cloud-shallop more lightly pass ;
And never on pines of needles keen
Did sunshine pour a richer glow
Than that which Magurrawoc can show.

This in summer ; but now the sleet
Drives its sail o'er the frozen plain,
While thund'ring on thro' smoke and snow
There comes the belated " Princeton train,"

Keeping the course of the river's flow,
Where the trees stand stiff and bare as stone,
To tell how the winter holds its own.

The whistle shrieks thro' frosty air,
The smoke upcoils and melts away,
And silence closes o'er the sound,
As when waters meeting suddenly
Engulph a boat in their depths profound;
And ever old grim Magurrawoc
Uplifts his ice-crown'd head of rock.

THE RISING MOON AT SEA.

Climbing the glittering stairway of the sea,
Thou swingest into view, year after year,
The mellow radiance of thy golden sphere,
Full, large, serene, and girt with majesty, —
A presence in the heavens, which, to me,
Symbols a lofty Soul that hath not fear,
But keeps its course alone with much of cheer,
Undaunted by the past or the to-be.

How beautiful thy lustre on our track,
Where the foam marks it thro' the waves of steel,
And how, against the night, thy rays reveal
Spar, sail and pennon, and yon dreamy youth
Turning with ready hands the polish'd wheel,
His gaze bent forward, calmly, — never back.

THE MOON'S VIGIL.

Suggested by reading the beautiful "Fairy Tales" of Hans Christian Andersen.

I, the full moon, sitting among my stars,*
To watch the ocean's flow,
See a wide vale girded by lines of spruce,
And white with drifting snow.

And slowly thro' the silence and the chill,
Led by his shadow long,
A lover hies, cheering the pathless way
With notes of tender song.

His breath comes panting from his ample chest,
To gleam against my light,
And o'er his beard of tawn the stinging frost
Sprinkles its powder white.

Against the drift, with glowing cheek and eyes,
He tends with eager feet,
As though no star of ill could ever rise
In love's horizon sweet.

*And haply the Queen Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays. — KEATS.

I see a grove, leafless, and gray, and stark,
Where the winds make their din,
And note a cabin's smoke upfling its coils,
Telling of warmth within.

And from the garden plot a spaniel brown
Rushes along the wood,
While the sharp echoes waken to its bark,
And fill the solitude.

My rays smite on the threshold, and the dog
Forces the portal wide,
And the rich fire-glow and the mellow lamp
Outpour their ruddy tide.

A moment with his eyes turn'd to my light,
As if to learn his fate,
The man stands by the doorway — bares his
head —
Enters — "Belov'd, so late !"

I send my lustre through the tiny panes,
Where long a brow was press'd,
And see his arms close round a girlish form —
Her head comes to his breast.

A WINTER SCENE.

A glittering field swept by the gusty air
Fresh from the stream ; and at the west a wall
Of spruce and fir standing immovable,
Where idly sifts the snow athwart the glare.
Beyond, a single hilltop lifts its fair
White dome adusk with blue ; and over all
Reaches the sky whose cloud-forms mystical
Pause, sunlit, in their course, and linger there.
The dazzled eye searches along the plain,
But marks no more the marsh where grasses gay
Shone in the light, and felt the autumn rain
Waving its aspergill unsteadily ;
But on that frozen waste, in lines of gray,
There lies the shadow of a lonely tree !

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

See ye not yon mount of snow
Gleaming in the sunset bright?
Bars of red and bars of gold
Fall athwart its disc of white,
Till the sea-wind, keen and strong,
Sweeping up the summit bare,
Whirls the argent sleet along
Through the chill December air,
And the twilight spreads its wings
Vulture-like to hover there.

So the soul, with genius great,
Tow'ring sunward in its might, —
Grand and calm and isolate, —
Feels awhile youth's rosy light,
Till the blasts of fate have cast
All its precious bloom away,
And the glow of fancy fast
Changes from the red to gray,
While the ghouls Despair and Doubt
Gather at life's ending day.

See ye not yon mansion old,
With its roof-tree worn and rent,
And its windows where the moon
Notes a spectral parliament? —
Ghosts that stand without a sound,
Peering through the broken glass,
While the shadows stealing by,
Couch and shudder in the grass,
And the creaking doors swing wide
As the winds in terror pass.

Ah ! 'tis thus a human life
Charr'd with sin and guilty fears,
Empty of all noble aims,
Mars the landscape of the years.
Wasted days and squander'd pow'rs
Throng before the weary eye
As the Spirit gropes in pain
Through the dark of memory,
And death opes his iron door,
Saying, " I have need of thee."

Whatsoe'er ye see without,
Whether frost that blights the bud,
Or the flame-enkindled ship
Reeling doomward through the flood,
Or the earthquake's rending rod
Smiting silence into din,

Or the battle-blood that leaps,
Freedom's victory to win,
Symbols but the workings strange
Of the mighty world within.

A JUNE MORNING.

I stand alone amid the verdant wood
Sweet with the spring. Above my head the
trees
Thrill with the birdling songs and morning
breeze,
And a bright sea sings low of brotherhood
To seas afar. Methinks the Soul of Good
That breathes o'er all, from sturdy pine to .
blade
Of beaded grass, hath wrought this shine and
shade
To speak of thee to me in poet mood.
I deem thy pensive lyre will wake to-day,
Thy grief depart, thy spirit greet the June,
Thy fancy stir, and, while the lily noon
Unfolds its leaves, arise and soar away
Through light. Dear Friend, 'tis thus I crave
this boon, —
One thought of me while all the world's attune !

THE GROWTH OF THE BUTTERCUPS.

Through the brown earth at early summer's call
The hardy stalks press sunward, shaking out
Their fibrous twigs ; and slowly, as in doubt,
The leaves unroll, — unroll with magical
Young life. And then in joy they seem to call
Like callow birds, turning themselves about
In the glad light, forgetting dark and drought,
And soon each spray flames with a golden ball.
The miracle completed greets the gaze,
Nor wakes acclaim ; — but when the juggler
spry
Tosses his plates, and on the painted sticks
Receives them whirling, and ingeniously
Constructs a mimic tree, his vulgar tricks
Are lauded well by those who throng to see !

THISTLEDOWN.*

Faded Thistledown of air,
Floating aimless everywhere,
Thou dost waken thoughts of sadness ;
Summer and its purple bloom,
Lieth dead, and near the tomb
Winds bewail their former gladness.

Floating upward at all times,
Like the poet's airy rhymes,
To the empty realms of space ;
And we watch thee till the blue
Distance hides thee from our view, —
Further mortal may not trace.

And I think how like the down
Of the autumn thistle brown
Are our wayward thoughts and fancies,
Ever floating there and here
In the sunny atmosphere
Thro' the valley of romances.

* Written in early youth.

HAD I LOVED YOU AND YOU LOVED ME.

SHE.

In old, old days, so far away,
When we were schoolmates two,
You were in no wise dear to me,
Nor was I dear to you.

Your tones awoke no thrill of pride,
Your touch no warmth inspir'd,
And never once thro' all these years
Have I your aid desir'd.

A hearthglow falls upon the gold
Which gilds your children's tresses,
And glistens on the marriage ring
Of her your smile caresses.

Yet when, by chance, that idle day
We, the long parted, met,
There stole athwart my careless mood
A pang like to regret, —

As gazing on your earnest face,
Familiar and yet new,
I wish'd you had lov'd me lang syne,
And I in turn lov'd you !

Yet why? Would I have joy'd to wear
That ring's encircling gold,
To kiss the baby brows whose grace
Bears the paternal mould?

Would I have kept your honor bright,
Would you have remain'd true,
Had you lov'd me in days no more,
Had I in turn lov'd you?

HE.

How idle is this constant thought
Which pricks me like a burr, —
Had she lov'd me in other years,
Had I in turn lov'd her !

What then? I know not ; for of old
I never deem'd her fair,
Nor strove to ope her heart's red book
To leave my record there.

The children laugh about my knees,
My spouse sings on, content ;

And yet it burns thus in my brain,
This though extravagant.

Had I lov'd her in days of old,
Had she in turn lov'd me,
Her kiss would meet my lips to-night —
Heigho ! wife, draw the tea.

THE PENITENT.

1.

One who had serv'd the King
Strode from the throne-room with defiant eye,
And gave his heart to hate and misery,
And lifting high a bowl that once had known
His monarch's touch, flung it with wrathful tone
To where it fell in shards, sun-glittering.

2.

One who yet lov'd the King,
In tears next morrow knelt him where the light
Fell on his mournful face, upturn'd and white,
And said thro' trembling and in accents sweet,
"Grant me consent this hour to kiss thy feet,
Or all my life will yield to suffering.

3.

"I do not seek, dear King,
The tenderness you gave me yesterday,
Knowing full well that wounded love will stray,
Nor space to stand in while I meet thy frown;
But only leave to cast me, weeping, down
And greet thy footstool as a sacred thing."

LOVE SONG.

"Love me little, love me long,"
Let this ever be my song ;
Love me when thy hopes are strong,
Love me when, in guise forlorn,
Grieving shatter'd dreams among,
Thou dost hear the world's rude scorn, —
Love me still thro' all thy wrong,
"Love me little, love me long."

"Love me little, love me long,"
This my song shall ever be ;
Love me, nor my failings see,
Love me with love's constancy ;
Love me well and trustfully,
Since I place all faith in thee ; —
Love me long, and only me,
"Love me little, love me long."

EXILED AND ISOLATED.

I.

Not in our scenes of traffic, with the roar
Of toil around thee, do I see thy face,
But where the vines uplift their airy grace,
And Tiber brave, as in the days of yore,
In tawny glory doth its waters pour
Around those walls built by a vanish'd race,
Where, musing on the past, thy dreams replace
Tower, arch and portal, gone forevermore.

Thou art too noble for the things we see,
Too fine to be of those who head the age,
Nor is thy mind in fullest sympathy
With the barbaric past thy thoughts engage ;
Thou art, methinks, of the great men to be,
Whom thou dost represent unconsciously.

II.

Nay, never among those who delve for gold,
Doth fond imagination place thy fate ;
But with the noble, in imperial state,
Moving, as mov'd the dauntless knights of old,
Silent, commanding, gracious, proudly cold,
Yet loving, and in love most passionate.
With glance to thrill, with touch to supplicate,
A Lancelot of whom no shame is told.

The lute responds beneath thy poet hand,
And Science yields her secrets to thy skill,
And Eloquence, who comes at thy command,
Unites with Wisdom to obey thy will ;
But none thy lofty nature understand,
And thou art lonely in an alien land.

A GLANCE FORWARD.

As a young girl at break of day
Sweeps back the verdant drapery
From her low casement's sunlit square,
To thrust her small face eagerly
Out past the vines to greet the morn,
While the fresh dewdrops in a show'r
Sprinkle her young head's gleaming gold,
The while her form seems aureoled
With glory such as angels wear ; —

So Hope flings back the curtain gray
That shuts her from a future day,
Regardless of the bitter night
Which clings about her heavily,
And looking forward to the years,
Sunlit and sweet as fields of June,
That lie in wait with joys untold,
Exults as Moses did of old
Who gaz'd on Canaan from his height.

TWO HEARTS.

ON THE SHORE.

I stand on the shore where the breakers roll,
And the wind is wildly blowing,
And a taper's gleam in a chamber low
Thro' the wet is faintly glowing.
 'Tis the lamp of my lady fair,
 Who unbinds the braid
 Of her amber hair
Where the glass her charms is showing.

Could I bend her will to my stronger will,
By some fierce mesmeric power,
She would cross the space between her and me,
And be mine within the hour.
 Yea, and close to my burning heart
 Lay her soothing breast,
 And become a part
Of the man her glance can cower.

Hark ! the wind moans on thro' the lonely wood,
And the tide is still repining,
And against the rain, thro' the naked trees,
That flame is no more outshining.
I wonder has she sought her bed,
To dream of the clown
Whom she soon will wed,
Though my honest love divining?

IN THE CHAMBER.

I hate this man who thus rules my life,
For I read his silent scorning,
When with careless nod he pass'd me by
As we chanced to meet this morning.
My brow grew hot — 'twas but the sun —
And I glanced away
To smile down on one
Whom I loathe, too, for his fawning.

Yet could I have fallen there at his feet,
At the feet of my Soul's master,
To beg but one touch from those handsome hands,
While my pulses beat the faster, —
Ah me ! ah me ! ah well-a-day,
I will wed with Gold,
And no lie shall say
Of the bride, that love has pass'd her.

ON THE SHORE.

She slumbers, my lady, in calm disdain,
With the jealous dark above her,
And I who esteem her both false and cold, —
'Tis strange that I thus can love her.
But then a man must be a man,
And pursue his aims
As a true man can, —
So let me not wait to prove her.

Yes, a man should keep to his course, I ween,
Nor yield to a hope's deceiving,
And test the faith of a faithless heart
That is better in the leaving.

IN THE CHAMBER.

A woman needs must weep such tears,
Who will miss his smile
In the coming years —
Well, he cannot see me grieving.

THE UNATTAINABLE.

As one who, tossing on an angry sea,
Beholds with joy the morn and happy beach,
So I, aweary, now within the reach
Of restful days, lift up mine eyes to thee.
O Land ! my Land ! I note thy valleys free,
Thy woods and streams, thy hills forevermore
Wreath'd with purple calm, and o'er and o'er
My heart cries out for their tranquility.
The night is nigh, and still I strive in vain
To reach thy shores. Hope sinks her grief be-
neath,
For never world shall greet my gaze again,
Akin, dear Clime, to thee. Thy perfum'd breath
Steals from each sunlit slope and joyous plain,
While I, alas ! drift out to dark and death !

A VOYAGE IN QUEST.

On summer seas and far away *
 The wind is rising in its joy,
 And gayly there the morning coy
Is flinging colors bright and gray
Along the ridges of the deep.

The sea-gulls soar and downward sweep,
 With dauntless eye and steady wing,
 To breast the breakers that upfling
Their foam-jets that to music leap,
To greet the sunrise thro' the mist.

And gorgeous flow'rs of amethyst,
 And red, and purple, loll and dream
 Where eyes of curious fishes gleam
Like diamonds by the flame-light kiss'd,
And reckon not of our fading blooms.

* On stormy seas and far away. — BURNS.

And thro' the glory and the glooms
That haunt those spaces far below,
The sirens all a-roaming go
To revel in the rich perfumes
Distilling from the saline groves.

And there they sing the idle loves
Which move the heart of yearning man,
And make their merry jest, and plan
(Unheard of him who onward roves),
And listen for the coming bark.

And as its shadow huge and dark
Glides o'er the mirror of their realm,
They note the sailor at the helm,
And lift a cry to bid him hark
And peer into the mystic brine.

"Behold!" they sing, in strains divine,
"Thy life's ideal waits to greet
The coming of thy princely feet;
Reach out thine arms and claim her thine," —
And thus the god stirs in his breast.

For, like to Memnon, night-oppress'd,
Who feels the slowly dawning rays
Pierce earthward through the lifting haze,
He vibrates with a strange unrest,
The melody of love's new light.

“Behold !” they sing, “upon thy sight
 She shall arise, if thou wilt go
 To where the waves adoring flow
Around her charmed palace white” —
And oh ! he leaps into the spray !

On troubled seas and far away
 The wind is moaning in its pain ;
 The sea-gulls mount and call in vain
To rouse the slowly dying day,
And night comes on, and all is still.

STORM FANCIES.

SONG.

The sleet beats down on the granite crags
O'erhung by a sombre sky,
And the snow is white in the churchyard old,
Where the corpses frozen lie ;
And a ship speeds on through the icy dark,
While the breakers round her leap,
And is driven far on the cruel rocks,
There to sink at last in the deep.
The wind is loud on the hill,
And wild on the stormy shore,
For a day is lost in the wintry past,
To be found no more, no more.

The Earl lies dead in his palace home,
Bemoan'd by a stately train,
And a maiden sobs with a breaking heart
In a lone hut on the plain ;

And a huntsman sleeps by his weary hounds
To dream of their bootless quest,
While the stag reels on thro' the desert wood
With the wound in his throbbing breast.
The wind is sad on the hill,
And low on the mournful shore,
For a child has gone down a silent track,
To return no more, no more.

“HERCULES.”

Out upon the sunny seas
Sailed the young man Hercules —
For at times he bore the name
Given him in sportive jest
By the friend who lov'd him best, —
Not the giant known to fame.

Strong of limb and heart was he,
Sensible, and just, and kind,
With an innate modesty,
And a free, contented mind.
Lover of the baby folk,
And the story, and the joke.

Just a man, and nothing more :
Patient — honest to the core,
Full of manly thoughts and ways,
Heeding Duty when she bade,
Nor of homely work afraid, —
Thus had pass'd his quiet days.

Those who saw him on the deck
 (Dreaming not of storm or wreck)
 Ere the vessel put to sea,
 Spoke the parting word of cheer,
 Saw the water flowing clear,
 Went their course contentedly.

And the ship adown the bay
 Like a sea-gull sped away,
 With its sails outspread for joy,
 With the sound of rope and chain
 And the sailors' light refrain,
 And their welcoming “ahoy !”

Rocking, dancing in the light,
 Waving high its colors bright,
 Churning up the glinting foam, —
 Thus the ship with all at ease,
 Bore the hopeful Hercules
 Far from kindred and from home.

Stands he now with thoughtful face,
 While his eyes no longer trace
 Dear familiar hill and down,
 And the rich horizon's hue
 Paints the wave a softer blue
 And the isles a fairer crown.

Slowly o'er the lonely seas
Drifts the shipwreck'd Hercules ;
 For the storm has spent its might,
And above its sobbing moan
Shines the luminous white stone
 Of the Sisyphus of night.

And a track of glory gleams,
Like a pathway seen in dreams,
 On the gently swelling wave,
And that moonlight to his face
Adds with calm a finer grace
 As he drifts him to his grave.

From the shadow to the glow
Sweeps the raft with motion slow,
 Aided by no guiding rod,
And the night beholds him there,
With the soft, dishevelled hair,
 Kneeling like a stricken god.

O believing Hercules !
Thus, while on thy bended knees,
 With thy grand uplifted head
And thy bare and massive chest,
Heaving with a prayer's request,
 Godhood was around thee shed !

For that glory and that gleam
 Wrapt thee o'er as in a dream
 (Never brighter shone the wave),
 As, with deep, appealing eyes
 Gazing at the heedless skies,
 Thou didst calmly seek thy grave.

O forsaken Hercules !
 Cold the stars are, and the seas,
 And the grave heeds not despair —
 For the strong but draw life's breath
 Bravely thus to cope with death —
 Vain is faith, and vain is prayer.

THE CHILD.

Sunlight and morning, and a lofty cliff
Rising above a cataract whose spray
Is toss'd out in a skein until its thread,
Caught by the breeze, is wound around the
rocks

And tangled in the alders. Far below,
The green of branches and the scent of fern,
And jagged rocks cover'd with mosses sweet,
And starr'd with blooms unnumber'd; and the
breeze

Swaying the grasses by the stream until,
Bending, they touch the foam; and far on high
The clouds, the dazzling blue, the silver sun.
Look thou! my Fancy; for along the path
Sweet with the dew there comes a happy child
Loit'ring with song adown the pleasant way,
And pausing oft with bright uplifted eyes
To watch the robin passing, or to pluck
Some nodding blossom, or to hear the roar
Of the white waters dashing down the steep.

High up the cliff — that fragrant shaft that
rears

Its green above the torrent, while the sun
Pours forth its yellow flood, and while the wood
Sends through its depths a moan — she makes
her way ;

Nor pauses till, upreaching her small hand,
Dimpled and warm, she grasps the flow'rs that
swing

Bell-like above the chasm, while her eyes,
Dilated, soft and eager, smile with joy.
She holds them in her clasp, and strives to draw
Her white length upward, lying on the verge
Of that dread torrent, while its waters roar
Like to a beast an hunger'd, and the saints
High up in heaven draw from their harps of
gold

One long melodious strain of warning clear,
And pause with pallid faces and arise,
Shudd'ring, — but strong and trustful. And
the child,

Holding her prize, crawls upward, and at last
On bended knees, while all her wealth of curls
Veils the flush'd face, pulls at the stubborn
stalk,

Which cleaves in pity to its rocky bed, —
And then ! — there is a crash of boughs, a sound
Of dashing waves, a shriek of startled birds

Rising from out the vale with shatter'd plumes,
A moaning of the forest deep and old,
A sadd'ning of the hours that trace their path
Still nightward, keeping their slow course along
That watery bier, and gazing in its depths
Vainly, and passing on in spectral file, —
And from life's heights a lily pure as snow
Has fallen, crush'd, into the grasp of death.

THE DUKE.

They bore him down the marble stair,
The duke whose face was stern and cold,
And in a barge with stealthy care
They floated past the guarded wold ;
And, like to white Elaine of old,
He kept in death a regal air.

The blood was on his shapely hand,
And on his breast, where oft a head
Had lain, — the lady of the land, —
In the sweet days forever dead, —
As dead as was her love, 'tis said, —
And now she could his look withstand.

No word of pleading or of scorn
Broke from the lips that once had sung
Of honor and of righted wrong,
And dame who loathes the flatt'rer's tongue ;
But there he lay with blood outflung, —
A signal to the pow'rs withdrawn.

That blood was on his mantle bright
To mingle with its costly dyes ;
And thro' the dusk and hush of night
His jewels flash'd like wrathful eyes,
As if his soul with fierce surprise
Had burst the flesh and changed to sight !

The last of all a noble race,
He slept, forgetful of his fame,
And on the proud reposeful face
The solemn moonlight went and came,
And seem'd to breathe a Roman name
Which glory yet delights to trace :

For like to Cæsar in his fate, —
The traitor's thrust, the mantle rent,
Yet to the last supremely great, —
For such know not of vanquishment,
Save when they learn that faith is spent, —
He floated on, o'erwatch'd by Hate.

On ever with the mournful tide
Which sough'd around the burden'd bark,
And seem'd to writhe in wrath, and glide,—
A serpent huge, — athwart the dark,
As if to guard his bier and mark
How death that brow hath deified.

The wind crept sobbing from the heath,
And swept the track of barren shore,
Nor smote those vilest things that breathe, —
A faithless wife, a paramour, —
But slowly and with rev'rence bore
That corse along the cliff beneath.

Doom spoke from out the desert night,
And from the bleak and swollen ford,
While vengefully a castle's light
Cut through the mist, — a flaming sword, —
Nor did they heed the warning word,
Nor read the ruddy sign aright.

It glitter'd on the awful tide, —
That blade athirst for dastard gore,
As keen as that which long with pride
The valiant high King Arthur wore,
Until in grief he sought the shore
And flung it to the waters wide.

And like to one who waits to see
The battle surging to its close,
Content with wounds since victory
With roar and carnage onward flows,
So he, the noble, lay, nor rose ;
For patient in his death was he.

The last of all a noble line
Of warriors bold and statesmen keen,
By lonely rock and grieving pine
He drifted on with changeless mien,
And fitfully the folds between
Those jewels shone in colors fine.

But hark ! the rushing of the deep
That thunders onward to the vale,
O'erleaping in its might the steep
While the twain shudder and are pale ;
And oh ! they shriek ; and oh ! they wail,
And strive their steady course to keep.

The night is drear ; the night is chill ;
The cataract is fierce and strong ;
And lo ! from over plain and hill
There comes with speed a spectral throng, —
A kindred brave departed long, —
To see how vengeance can fulfil.

It rocks toward the giddy verge,
That boat which holds the murder'd knight,
And far and wide along the surge
The luna torch now flings its light :
And see ! — his face so stern and white !
And list ! — the waters chant a dirge !

The last of all a dauntless kin, —

'Twas meet that thus the end should be,
With night without and death within

He yet retained the mastery,

And gloriously avenged was he
Amid the horror and the din.

The moonlight pours along the strand

Where roll the breakers hour by hour,
And like a sword, o'er sea and land,

A light is flaming from his tow'r,

And she, bereft of life's warm dow'r,
Drifts, with a dagger in her hand !

SEA-CHARMED.

Sing thy song, O happy sea,
Lift to light thy mighty waves,
And keep ward incessantly
O'er thy dusky caves.

One there is both deep and wide,
One there is both wide and deep,
Where, alone yet satisfied,
My belov'd doth sleep ; —

Sleep and smile in pallid calm
With the seaweed o'er her dress,
And one soft and veined arm
Swept by richest tress.

On her lily lids the light
Never falls with pressure rude,
Nor do restless winds at night
Vex her solitude ; —

Though with wizard charm they whirl
Swiftly round her coral bed,
Winding there thy waves of pearl
Like a skein of thread.

O'er the roof and o'er the door
Hangs the mystic net they form,
Sway'd and torn forevermore
By the trampling storm.

Sing thy song, thou watchful sea,
Weave thy spell with closer care,
For the monsters envy me,
Knowing she is fair.

Hark ! they throng around the cave,
Hark ! they seek the roof of stone,
And the vilest of thy wave
Claims her for his own.

O my Goddess, safe in death,
O my Saint, my all in all,
Colder lie, nor let a breath
Answer to their call.

Dream not, wake not, only rest,
With the seaweed o'er thee cast,
And one white hand on thy breast —
Faithful to the last.

THE FLIGHT OF MADELINE.

Ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm. — KEATS.

PORPHYRO.

Wrap closer thy soft mantle, for the sleet,
Pierces like steel, while over us the night
Drives its dark chaos.

MADELINE.

Tenderly thy hand
Folds over mine as down the moor our steps
Press through the storm to cross the rushing ford,
Guided by yon long beam of ruddy light,
Slanting athwart the tempest from that tow'r
Rear'd by my people in the days of old ;
And lifting now its sphere above the din
Of the vast hall where Hildebrand, the churl,
And fierce Lord Maurace fingering his sword,
Seek me among the dancers.

Dost thou hear
The music surging through the gusts of wind,
Now low like mutter'd warning, and then shrill,
Like cries of anger blended with a rush,
Like footsteps of pursuers ?

PORPHYRO.

Nay, the waves
Crashing among the rocks where the long pass,
A dusky arm reaching across the current,
To grasp the wood beyond it, cheats thy senses.

MADELINE.

Surely, dear Porphyro, we must not tread,
On such a night as this, a way so fraught
With peril. On that bridge, wrench'd by the
storm,
My sire, the Baron, trod but a week past —

PORPHYRO.

But the hound plunged and sav'd him. Cease
thy fears,
And trust to the sure step and steady nerve
And the undaunted heart of Porphyro,
Who henceforth is thy dog, thy slave, thy tool,
Thy lord, thy master. Turn thee from the storm,
And lean one moment's space thy beauteous head
For respite on this breast. Dear, thou art spent
With the long struggle thro' this angry wind,
Envious of my possession. In the wood
Beyond the stream's dark breadth the hermit's
roof,
Which shelters a just man and faithful priest,
Shall hear within the hour our bridal vows.

MADELINE.

'Tis well : I trust thee fully, and commit
With joy into these hands I cannot see,
My happiness, my honor, yea, my life,
To do with as thou wilt.

PORPHYRO.

Thank God, belov'd,
None in thy father's halls, whose flaming lamps
No longer blaze behind us, feel the pride
Of lineage like thy Porphyro, by thee
Love-knighted.

Lo ! the stream sounds at our feet,
And waters toss their spray with furious force
High in our faces. . . . Thus ! cling to my
strength . . .
How the bridge trembles ! . . . but the course
is straight . . .
And we could cross in safety tho' this darkness
Wrapt us with thicker folds.

MADELINE.

O Love, I fear me,
This tempest is so wild, the river roars
So far beneath us, and the dark —

PORPHYRO.

Be strong !

Mine arm sustains thee. Yonder star of fire,
Outshining like a jewel through the rain,
Is our friends' promis'd beacon.

MADELINE.

I have lost

The courage of my race ; it is not thus
Those of my house meet danger, they are brave
And worthy of their father's —

PORPHYRO.

Hark ! great Christ !

The bridge is breaking . . . Help !

MADELINE.

O Porphyro,

I fell clasp'd to thy breast . . . Dead ! holy
Saints !

Let me not loose mine arms. . . . He drags me
down

By his cold precious weight, to know the rest
Of death's white nuptial chambers, and these
waves,

Bleak, icy, fierce, will watch above our sleep
Like sentries. How his blood pours without
pause

Over my breaking heart from the bruise'd brows !
I clasp him thus — and thus sink —

SPIRIT OF THE STORM.

Ye are blest!

SECOND SPIRIT.

Yea, death is sweet, sweeter by far than love.

THE UPAS TREE.

I.

The upas tree, the upas tree,
Tossing on high its branches free
While winds are roaming carelessly :
Its leaves alight with th' India sun,
By its kisses warm are play'd upon
Until they thrill and glow with fire,
And tremble at its fierce desire.

Beneath the sod, thro' wet and dry,
The rootlets brown entangled lie,
Safe hidden from the passer by, —
A matted net where worms at play
Writhe in and out the livelong day,
Like fishes through the seaweed brown,
Floating the dreamy tides adown.

And none bespeak it scornfully,
This lordly, lofty upas tree,
This pride of years so brave to see,
Nor sunbeams bright that, hour by hour,
Rain on its leaves a golden show'r,
And, waver'd by the zephyr's breath,
Drip idly to the sands beneath ; —

Nor clouds that pause to hear the breeze
Sing to its boughs their melodies
Learnt on the distant spicy seas ;
Nor birds that, circling o'er its height,
Drop, panting, in a strange delight,
Nor they, the buds, aflame with gold,
That ope and — wither to behold.

II.

The upas tree, the upas tree,
It swung aloft right royally
As the light faded from the lea,
When slowly, and like one oppress'd,
A minstrel sought its shade to rest,
And pour upon the passing day
The burden of his pensive lay.

He sat him down, and to the air
He bar'd a brow so regally fair
That glory seem'd to crown him there ;
To smile as once she did of yore,
(When Dante cross'd her portal o'er),
And whisper of the fame sublime
Which rings triumphant over time.

He swept the lyre, and soon the strong
Swift rushing of the tide of song
Bore his enraptur'd soul along,

Aye, bore it, throbbing, far away
On music waves where rosy day
Looks on Hesperides the blest,
Low lying in the realm of rest.

Away ! away ! like mountain wind,
Which none may claim and none may bind,
Though high of state and firm of mind,
Upborne by godlike ecstasy,
That spirit proud — so wild — so free —
A bird escap'd from prison bars —
Sped downward past the chilly stars.

III.

The upas tree, the upas tree,
Who grieves its deadly work to see,
Or thinks to name it mournfully
Since when that poet, nobly bred,
Bar'd to its dews his comely head,
And left a form so sweetly made
To consecrate its fateful shade ?

THE LOVE OF A PRIEST.

I.

In a palace where the light
Beats on banisters of oak,
And a line of stately stairs
Spread with carpet crimson bright,
Stands a lady clad in white.

Lovely as a dream is she,
With the laughter in her eyes,
And the shapely head upturn'd,
As she standeth silently,
Careless as the proud can be.

II.

In a chamber long and low,
With the moonbeams' ghostly noon
Pouring through the casement square,
On a martyrdom and woe
Keen as that of long ago, —

Kneels a priest with none to hear :
"O my Love, I love thee well,
But thy heart is cold as stone,
And thy eyes, however clear,
Know nor grief nor smiles sincere ; —

"And thy voice, though sweet in tone,
Has but scorn and mockery
For the creed my fathers knew,
And thy bosom's snowy zone
Throbs but for the world alone.

"Thou wert never made for me,
Sorceress of dusky eyes, —
Yet thy smile is like the dawn,
And thou hast that majesty
Which in angelhood we see.

"For thy life, once met with mine,
Would be nightshade to my days ;*
While thine arms of dimpled flesh
Did their loveliness entwine
Round me with the thrill of wine, —

"When, enrapt in fatal spell,
With thy heart against my own,
Drunk, delirious with sin,

* By the laws of their Church, priests are forbidden to marry.

Down the awful steeps of hell
We should reel to torture fell, —

“Nay, ’twould not be punishment —
In the depths of suff’ring fierce,
With the glory of thy face
Lighting up hell’s firmanent,
How could I for heaven lament?

.

“Mother, lenient and pure,
Christ, who knew the stern travail,
Martyrs, who met bliss thro’ fire,
Help thy servant to endure,
Nor at bitter fate demur !

“Tho’ my heart break with the stress,
While my joy is rent in twain,
And the blood pour from my brows
Where the thorns incessant press
In this hour of wretchedness ; —

“While my Soul in awful strife
With the senses is upheld,
Bleeding, on the cruel cross,
Help me to resign — my life —
Vanish, tempter ! — *she my wife !*”

III.

In that chamber rich and old,
Flooded with the lunar glow,
Gleams a heavy cross of pearl
Hanging by a chain of gold
Strung with jewels manifold.

Brightly burn the precious stones
On the velvet of the pall,
And the moonlight centres there,
While the night-wind rising, moans,
Blended with the sea-dirge tones.

And in yonder halls the dance
Speeds the careless hours along,
And a woman all in white
Moves with haughty negligence
And serene bright countenance.

THE LADY AND THE ROSE.

I.

A lady stands with haughty gaze,
Clad in a snow of silk ;
Around her throat great jewels blaze,
And on arms, as white as milk.
She holds a red red rose
Against her scornful lips,
While a sunset faintly glows,
And a lone ship seaward dips.
Speak, lady, to bid him stay,
Smile, lady, thy rose beneath,
For dark comes down, and ships are lost,
And love grows cold in death,
Aye, forever and aye.

II.

THE ROSE AND THE LADY.

A rose droops on a royal breast,
And deems that breast is stone,
While she who once its bloom hath press'd
Sleeps on in state alone.

'Tis but a red red rose,
And yet it grieves to feel
That her bosom is less cold to death's
Than to Love's divine appeal.
Speak, lady, and say forgive,
Weep, lady, my leaves beneath,
For dark came down and ships were lost,
And love grew cold in death —
But I, Love's flow'r,* yet live !

* I, a rose, Love's flower. — " OUIDA."

LOOKING DOWN.

A BALLAD.

PART FIRST.

1.

I gaze from my chamber window broad
Down on the steeps of glittering snow,
To where, in the twilight's tawny glow,
A shepherd climbs with ashen rod,
And sturdy step whose sound I know.

2.

Strange how he watches our castle grim
Piercing the air with tower and wall,
As swords in the hands of warriors tall
Cut through a buckler to the limb
Till the victim reels in the act to fall.

3.

He made the sign of the holy cross,
And bent his head as in prayer devout,

And now he has turn'd him round about
To descend apace, as if to cross
The valley the while the stars shine out.

4.

Why do I wish to call his name
And bid him mount to my very door? —
To touch his brawn, and see once more
His splendid eyes light up with flame
To vex my memory o'er and o'er.

5.

'Twas noon, methinks, when the saddle bent
As the steed sped wildly down the height,
And he, in his shepherd garb bedight,
Tore through the fen — my strength was spent,
And I, for one moment, stunn'd and white,

6.

Lay in the arms as strong as oak.
Why does that strange and burning thrill
Sting and perplex and shame me still,
As it did at the moment I awoke
Cow'd for once by a firmer will?

7.

His beard swept on my cheek and stung
My face to flame, till his dark grave eyes

8.

“Pardon, Princess,” he said, — and then
My people came with hawk and hound,
And drew a circle us two around
Of pallid women and anxious men ;
But he left us there with bow profound.

9.

And Clifford, the Earl, dismounting press’d
To where I stood distraught and meek,
And watching the crimson flame my cheek,
He said, “’Tis a *royal* maid we seek,
Hast seen her?” and smiled at his own dull
jest.

10.

The hunters, seeing me safe and strong,
Laugh’d and wheel’d and gave the whip,
While Clifford thrust out his nether lip
As though he detected something wrong
By my rumpled garb and torn plume’s tip.

11.

For jealous he is and of savage blood,
Though he came of a house as old as mine, —
Noble all — in unbroken line,
With not a speck of plebeian mud
On their pure escutcheon’s argent shine.

12.

He lean'd on his charger's dripping flank
Till a page came up with my meeken'd roan,
And I, who had not a fault to own
Save that which came of an equine prank,
Shrank from his gaze with lids that sank.

13.

We rode in silence to where the gate
Leads to these towers my fathers made,
And once, with his hand on his swinging blade,
As if with its edge he would extricate
Some Gordian knot of mocking Fate, —

14.

He stabb'd me again with cynic stare ;
And I, in a sudden scorn and heat,
Lifting the whip in saddle seat,
Look'd on his face so cold and fair,
And dealt him a blow I would not repeat.

15.

He laugh'd while his eyes grew fierce and black,
And I, dismay'd at myself and him,
Smote off a spray from a thrifty limb
Whose shadow play'd on his ample back,
And over his length of stalwart limb.

Smote off a spray from a thrifty limb
Whose shadow play'd on his ample back,
And over his length of stalwart limb.

16.

"Child," he said, as we slacken'd pace,
"Were that wretch a man of my own degree,
I would give his flesh to agony,
Because you smiled so in his face,
And because he dar'd to frown on me."

PART SECOND.

1.

Again I sit at my casement high
While another sunset floods the west,
And again there climbs on his aimless quest
That shepherd my Soul could deify
Were he but an oppressor, not an oppress'd !

2.

Were he clad in purple agleam with gold,
And seated in state on a monarch's throne,
I could kiss his feet, and with tears atone
For hearts I broke in the days of old
When I vanquish'd hearts for sport alone.

3.

But he, a peasant, the child of shame,
Unletter'd, humble, and brown with toil,
The touch of whose finger-tip would soil
The fabric fine of a lady's fame
Till it blacken'd to that which is honor's foil —

4.

Paf! yet I lean on this window sill,
And watch him thus as he lifts his head,
With the light behind him flaming red,
Where he stands on the brow of yonder hill,
The murky valley beneath him spread.

5.

Always with face upturn'd and grand,
He looks where our banner meets the gale,
And I seem to feel his strength prevail
Over a pride that could erst withstand
A noble's suit that may yet avail.

6.

Can I, yea, dare I, to such as he
Yield the love which an earl has miss'd,
Lie on his breast and to dreams be kiss'd? —
By one who has but integrity
And comeliness — chut! not so, I wist.

7.

And yet could my heart once have its choice,
I would dwell no more on heights serene,
And Donald musing with pensive mien
Would start and flush, and mayhap rejoice
At a touch, a look his dreams between.

PART THIRD.

1.

He came, we met, — it was all by chance, —
I stole from the riotous masquerade
And swept from the lawn to the fir trees' shade
Vex'd by the Earl's stern countenance
And a stinging angry mot he made.

2.

The music rolled through the open door,
And the light shed down its ruddy glare
On the line of birches gray and bare,
Thrashing their branches with a roar
As they met the gusts of upper air.

3.

I sat by the little pond that lies
Like an oval glass in a dingle small,
Watching the lamp-rays o'er it fall,
And hearing the bagpipes' symphonies
As the dancers reeled in the noisy hall.

4.

Scarcely a moment had spent its sands
When the snow was crush'd by a coming tread,
And Donald, baring his handsome head,
Fell at my feet with outstretch'd hands
To kiss the hem of my mantle red.

5.

"Mother of God!" I heard him pray,
And the words were panted on the air
From his stress of passion, hope, despair, —
"Forgive this sacrilege, nor slay —
O Love, my Love, for thee I dare!"

6.

He ended, and the music's tone
Grew fainter, fainter on the wind,
And I, a-tremble, dumb and blind,
Knew only grief to joy had grown,
And that but once true love we find.

7.

I knelt me there with burning tears,
And lifted to my breast his head,
And wept, "Dear Heart, be comforted!
Love, the divine, has made us peers,
And all my foolish pride is dead."

8.

He rose as victors rise, and stood
Transfigur'd, kingly, fair as Sol ;
And then — dear Christ ! I heard him fall
As pine tree topples in the wood,
For Clifford leapt the garden wall.

PART FOURTH.

1.

The moonlight shows our castle gray,
With its stately banner waving free
Where shadows flow incessantly,
And Donald is many a mile away,
While Clifford, the Earl — ah me !

2.

Yestermorn, in peasant guise,
I rode by stealth to the town below,
Keeping the rude path thro' the snow,
To feast once more my hungry eyes
On a haggard face I know.

3.

His forehead bore the brand of Cain,
His hands were red, his heart was stone ;
But there, in the dungeon gloom alone,
I held him close in my arms again,
Claiming him all my own.

4.

And he, undone by a woman's kiss,
Couch'd, and sobb'd, and strove to pray,
Clutching my robes in his agony :
" Princess, angel, a love like this
Could wash the world's crimes away."

5.

At dawn — but why do I grieve me still? —
The strong can bear, the brave can die,
Gaining eternal peace thereby,
And Justice, they say, must have her fill,
So murders for murder legally.

6.

Donald, my Donald, I sit alone,
Nor climb again the lonely tower
To greet our sunset's trystal hour,
Since love for sin cannot atone,
And prayer hast lost its power.

PART FIFTH.

1.

Clifford, my Earl and lover bold,
Thy face is white and scornful yet,
And thy lofty brow in ringlets set
Bears the selfsame haughty mould
It did on the day when first we met.

2.

I kiss thy lips and leave thee, dear,
And pass from the sombre vaulted hall
Where the candles flickering near thy pall
Glance on a naked sword and spear
Hanging there on the dusky wall.

3.

Sleep, my warrior, for sleep is best,
However the battle roll its din —
For at most we only fail or win
And then lie down for the welcome rest,—
What matter how soon that rest begin?

BEFORE THE KING.

She stood before the king,
The outcast who had sought the palace gate,
And with an air serene
Gaz'd on his countenance,
As if to read, perchance,
His by-gone fate.

Silence is in the room,
And in the wond'ring eyes of those who look
Are scorn and wrath and dread ;
For none in all that throng
Of daring and of strong
His gaze can brook.

Yet she, despis'd and lone,
Clothed in rags, and faint with want and pain,
Stood up with fearless air,
With somewhat of his grace
Upon her pallid face,
And his disdain.

“Thy wish?” he said, and rose,
Unconscious of the tone and action bland,
 (For grief was in his voice,
 And in his bearing high
 Was less of mastery
 And stern command).

“No wish had I, O King,
Save but to see thy face,” the woman said,
 And turn’d her steps about,
 And down the gorgeous hall
 Deck’d for the festival,
 She went with drooping head.

She pass’d into the night,
Her strength was low, her mind with grief o’er-
 fraught,
 And through the falling rain
 She wept (for none could heed) :
 “Thou art the king indeed
 Whom I have sought.

“Once, in some other life,
Some happier and long-forgotten reign,
 Methinks I knew that smile,
 And found upon thy breast
 The warmth, the joy, the rest,
 I crave in vain.”

The monarch sought his couch,
And lay him down to dream of woodland nooks,
And pleasant song of birds,
And boughs that trail their green
Above the dimpled sheen
Of gliding brooks.

“No wish have I, O King,
Save but to see thy face,” the vision spake,
“And touch thy blessed hand,
And be, when ill betide,
Thy comforter and guide,
For love’s dear sake !”

TOGETHER IN THOUGHT.

A sea rolls between us, —
Our different past! — MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Alone in my chamber I sit as in trance,
While the moon on yon water seems leading a
 dance,
And the pines clash their boughs with a musical
 roar
As the waves with a shout drive their steeds to
 the shore.

The fire on the hearth and the stillness combine
To link for one moment my spirit with thine,
While the flesh seems to fall and the earth roll
 away,
And we stand wrapp'd around in divine sym-
 pathy.

Thy face in the darkness grows vivid and fair,
With the blue in thine eyes and the gleam on
 thy hair,
And I reach out my arms, — but to start with
 a moan,
And stand here an hunger'd, despairing, alone.

Thy brow, my beloved, is noble and white,
Thy stature superb, as befitteth a knight ;
And thy voice like a song would ring on in the
 heart
Though thy body decay'd and of dust made a
 part.

Again for one moment I call thee, and lo !
Thou treadest the shadows majestic and slow
With steps that rebuke, and with looks that
 command,
Till I kneel in remorse and reach out for thy
 hand.

"No, never ! no, never ! Begone from my
 sight !
Thou knowest the vale, and I dwell on the
 height,
And our past holds a curse for the day when
 thy face
Shall flush on this breast where another has
 place.

"Forever and ever that past shall hold sway
While we circle the course of our soul's destiny ;
And thy love is as vain as the love of the rose
Which yearns to unfold where the gods find
 repose."

“ A MAN OF THE WORLD.”

He enters on the crowd,
Grave, stately, cold as stone,
Bending his haughty head
In salutation. What imperial grace,
What ease, what languor, what disdain we
trace,
As though his inmost feelings spoke aloud !

A woman's pleading glance
Follows him all the while,
As her small fingers close
Convulsively around her scented fan,
Her very being trembling as the man
Moves onward, slowly, with indifference.

He casts no backward look
To where, with burning eyes
And face death-white and sweet,
She stands, — to see no other in that throng
Save only him, her master, worshipp'd long,
Who reads her longing as one might a book.

His busy days require
Nothing which love supreme
Would find it joy to give ;

For, wrapp'd in cold ambition's ruthless schemes,
His life no longer thrills to tender dreams
Since, crowned with fame, he has outliv'd
desire.

MOAN THROUGH THE PINES, O WIND !

Moan through the pines, O Wind ! with saddest
tone,

And seek the lonely shore
Where rolls the wintry wave, and there alone
Thy heavy grief outpour.

For from the world a light has pass'd away
We thought could never wane,
And from the sky a star has sunk for aye
Whose glory shone in vain.

TO A WHITE ROSE.

O Rose, O proud white Rose,
Dewy and rich and sweet,
Swaying all day in a garden bright,
Fann'd by the breeze from the singing brook,
And caressed by the summer heat ;

I watch thy charms and see
With a jealous pang the throng
Who covet with me the fragrant prize
They dare not clasp with impious touch, —
And I would have done thee a wrong !

I, who adore thy grace,
Rose of the waxen leaf,
Whom the saints of song would joy to bear
Through the Eden-gates — thou pure, thou
white, —
Would have sullied thy day with grief !

Ay, in that morning time,
Far from the throng apart,
I strove to pluck thee with daring hand,
And claim thee, sweet, for a bloomless life, —
But thy thorn ran into my heart.

And there, unseen of all,
Dear Flow'r, the soul's desire,
Will it rankle long in bitter pain
Till a rose is born of crimson dye
Whose dew is of blood and of fire.

Wave on thy haughty stem,
Thou whom the winds adore,
And shake my tears from thy stainless leaves,
Nor forgive that hope, nor lift thy face
As I go to return no more.

GUY.

She wept by the garden gate,
While Guy rode over the hill,
And the colors of the sky
Shone low in the water still,
And the hilltops caught the light
Of that June sunset bright.

And down in the valley dank
Were the grasses sweet and tall,
And blossoms nodding their heads
To the dancing waterfall,
And the cool of coming dew,
Breathing the cedars through.

A-breathing the cedars through,
And stealing across the lake
To the woodland dim with shade,
And luscious with fern and brake,
And branches that mov'd all day
In a slow, dreamy way.

Aye, Guy rode over the hill,
Nor knew that the maid was there —
Where the bees sang through the bloom
Of the lilies tall and fair,
And the day with glory old
Sank through the depths of gold.

He dreams of the future years,
And things that will make them blest,
And Strength and Hope are the guides
That beckon him to the quest,
And his eyes, so soft and bright,
Tell now his thoughts are light.

Tell now his spirit is light,
As forth he rides to the goal —
While slowly the night comes down
To darken her woman's soul,
To cover the blossoms gay
Of her love's summer day.

Ah me ! life's tide flows onward,
A pitiless fate beneath ;
Our hopes are but beacons bright
To light us the way to death,
While we search in vain to find
The good we left behind.

AFTER LONG YEARS.

1.

Kneel here by my bed
With sobs long drawn ;
Yet 'tis well with me, —
By to-morrow's dawn, —
Though joy
May my life prolong.

2.

True, the years have been
Full of dull heartache
While we waited, watch'd,
For our love's dear sake, —
And now
How old hopes awake !

3.

Yes, thy beard is white,
And my hair is gray,
And our youth is dead, —
Ah well-a-day ! —
Hush ! dear,
Sob not, nor pray ; —

4.

But assert thy strength
And endure thy fate,
Nor believe that earth
Will be desolate
When Death
Opes for me his gate.

5.

Here within this room,
Where the sunset's gold
Strikes athwart the dusk,
Through the curtain's fold,
Love's tale
Is with tears retold.

6.

And I feel at peace
With the world and thee,
Since once more thine eyes
Fondly gaze on me,
For dear
Is fidelity.

7.

And I ask no more
At this final day,
Nor regret the years

Which have found decay,
Nor shrink
From my destiny ; —

8.

For to know thee true, —
Ah ! so sweet it seems, —
Kiss my lips, dear Heart !
Into death's fond dreams ;
This hour
All our past redeems.

9.

There ! I stroke thy head
As in days of yore,
Feel thy blessed tears
Rain my eyelids o'er :
Farewell,
Love, forevermore !

THE EAGLE AND HIS MATE.

Upon the sea-shore's chilly sand
A wounded eagle dying lay.
And slowly from his royal heart,
His heart of fire, life ebb'd away ;
And slowly to his dauntless eyes
The dark of death came trembling down,
While the solemn sea
All dolefully
Sent from its realm the ever-moaning tide
To pour along the rocks a monody.

Above the pines in vestal robes
The tinted clouds went softly on,
And from the fields the incense sweet
Stole upward to the morning sun ;
And dreamily with music low
The wind crept landward to the leaves,
And the sparrow gray
Sang airily
With fluttering wings upon the slender stalk
Which bent in adoration of the day.

And in an aerie 'mong the crags

A patient mate with listening mien
Sat hour by hour to watch a form

Float homeward through the air serene ;
Float fondly with a cheering cry
Their downy brood with love to greet,

To tell of things

Which eagle wings

Alone can reach, as proudly they are spread
To cleave the ether keen when day begins.

And now upon the desert strand

He dying lay, and evermore
The waves and wind and poplar leaves

Sent their fine music as of yore,
Sung of life's joy, and said, " Be free,
Greet thou the morn and mount thy crags ! "

And still his mate

Full desolate

Gave to their brood the kind maternal care,
And heard the coming tide, nor dream'd of fate.

And ever onward to the shore

That tide crept in with steady flow,
And morning broaden'd into noon

With tints of pearl and buds ablow,
And in the vale the scented grass

Bent drowsily beneath the sun,
 And thro' its dream
 Beheld a stream
Pass to the sea, and heard a murmur low
Far outward where the breakers toss and gleam ;

And heard that sea with purple waves
 Greet the warm tide, while from her nest
An eagle waiting 'mong the rocks
 Beheld a form far down the west —
Floating along the shining brim
Of ocean's verge — a speck of gray —
 " And O," she said,
 " Now thou art dead,
The day is night, the warmth has changed to
 frost,
And for life's bloom I have decay instead !"

A LIFE MISSPENT.

A rose hung o'er the tinted wave,
Its leaves faint with the summer heat,
And strove with drooping stem to lave
Its fragrance in the ripples sweet,
Praying the wind a wave to toss
To where it swung in golden moss ; —

Till upward from its hidden lair
The breeze came in a careless way,
And, plucking at the petals fair,
It toss'd them tideward scornfully,
And said, "Thou fool, in death attain
The good you spent a life to gain !"

DIVIDED WAYS.

Two walk'd together down a quiet way,
Sportive as children are on holiday,
When Fate, emerging from the pleasant wood,
Said, "I am she who beareth ill and good :
One means renown, wealth, ease, a stainless
fame,
The other labor, poverty and shame.
Choose, happy children !" and with chant profound
She drew a circle slowly on the ground.
The children enter'd at a sign she made,
And one in sunlight stood, and one in shade. —
Years sped, and to a palace in a vale
A beggar came to tell a mournful tale,
And a great lady gave her friendly heed,
And threw her gold to satisfy the need :
A lady who in childhood cross'd a line
To stand in shadow while one stood in shine ;
The suppliant who, hungry, worn and old,
Pled of her mercy a poor bit of gold.
"Behold !" said Fate, seeking that gorgeous
room,

"From sunshine one may enter into gloom ;
From gloom another may emerge to light ;
The future by to-day none read aright."

"Great Angel," said the beggar, bending low,
"What was my error that you gave me woe?"

"And what my merit?" cried the lady gay,
"That all my days are spent in luxury?"

"Dear Lady!" answer'd Fate, "go bless your
star,

And judge by want how fortunate you are.
Not merit wins my gifts, nor do they fall
On those who prize their honor above all ;
For were it so, my work were slight indeed,
And many a pampered knave would be in need."

DEATH THE ALL-PITYING.

IN MEMORY OF HAROLD CLEMENTS.

Sing on, O Death ! thy restful song,
While stars shine out and winds are sweet,
And woodlands roll the strain along
As leaflets thrill and branches meet,
And waters mild their strain repeat,
And the young crescent on the sea
Propels its shallop silently.

Yon hills uprear their dusky tents,
Yon valleys lift their flags of mist ;
While down from heaven's blue battlements
The shadows throng on kindly tryst,
And Tellus' grieving lips are kiss'd
To silence like to that which lies
On him hush'd by thy melodies.

I may not clasp the hand which late
Was met in thine with trustful touch,
Nor countermand the spell of Fate,
Nor cease this grieving overmuch ;
Yet well I know the world is such
That he is better in thy keep,
White-lidded in the calm of sleep.

No lily drowsing on the wave,
No swan of snow upon the stream,
Nor blossom rich, whose petals lave
The wind-tide in an idle dream,
While rocking slow from shade to gleam,
Is wrapp'd like him in perfect rest
Drawn from the poppies on thy breast.

Dissolving back to deathless dust,
His body lies redeem'd from pain,
And Nature, the benign and just,
Will re-create his life again,
And he, exultant, shall attain
Through all the centuries to be
The good of immortality.

In dewy blade and brilliant bloom,
In sea-tides on a sun-swept shore,
In buoyant gull with wind-toss'd plume,
Will live the elements he bore :
Each atom drawn from out the store
Which made that body on whose grace
Is bent the pity of thy face.

And while the worlds roll on their course,
Thro' day and dark, thro' dark and day,
I know that from the universe
His life shall never pass away,

But through new forms, from out decay,
Evolve by stages manifold
In bird of song and star of gold.

Death, thou art kind, and in thy care
No fear shall vex the child we knew,
Nor sorrow seek him unaware
To rob life's rose of scent and dew,
And eat into its royal hue.
Then wherefore grieve I while this night
Moves past with patience infinite?

Sing on, O Death ! thy restful song,
Which all at last shall joy to hear,
Since hope is vain, and grief is strong,
And evil reigns from year to year,
And thou, thou only, canst bestow
The rose which shall not lose its glow.

THE BODY'S IMMORTALITY.

How my heart leaps up
To think of that grand living after death
In beast, and bird, and flow'r! — OSCAR WILDE.

Doubt not of life eternal while the rose
Blooms on the grave of leaves that once were
fair,

Nor think thy humble ashes shall repose
Unheededly where darkness hath its lair.
No, thou shalt rise again. Thro' dull decay
Thy strength shall seek the sunshine and expand
In gorgeous painted flow'rs whose stems shall
sway

Exultantly beneath some morning bland,
Breathing their dumb delight in odors sweet,
And wooing the fresh dew with eager lips,
And bending lusciously beneath the heat,
Or smiling through the hush of day's eclipse.
Think not, O doubting Flesh, that thou wilt be
Consigned to stern oblivion, and no more
Have part with being; for mysteriously
Thou shalt be shap'd to uses o'er and o'er.

Nature esteems thee precious, and in all
Her myriad moulds of life shalt thou be cast,
From crimson-hearted rose, to cedar tall
Braving on barren crags the autumn blast.
Thy beauty gleaming from the swallow's wing
And from the robin's breast shall softly say :
"Cease, Man, thy weary doubt and questioning,
For thou shalt only change, not pass away."
Thy blood in triumph through the hardy veins
Of the wild stag shall throb in tumult sweet,
And in the grasses on the sunny plains,
Summer thy wondrous story will repeat.
Lie down and take thy rest, and let the earth
Enshroud thee in its quiet, as the dawn
Covers the drowsy star at morning's birth,
Nor vex thyself lest thou be left forlorn.
Life, mighty Life, shall seek thee soon or late,
To smile above thy sleep with tender eyes,
Choosing from out her store a kindly fate
And speaking thro' the gloom that one glad
word, "Arise" !

IMAGININGS.

We trim the lamp and sit beside the hearth,
While whirls the snow without and moans the
wind ;

But Thought sets forth a wider realm to find,
And wanders with the storm throughout the
earth.

She sees new planets waking into birth
To roll through awful space, while sounds the
grand

Old music of the spheres on every hand,
To prove that strength and glory have no dearth.
And then upon her ears there falls the sound
Of life — the throbbing, mighty life that flows
Thro' lower channels — thro' that world of roots,
Waiting amid the dark in calm profound —
And that stern growth beneath sepulchral snows,
Which from corruption draws its attributes.

WHITHER AWAY?

Whither away, O Ship,
 Spreading thy sails of snow?
Soft are the clouds above,
 Bright are the waves below;
Whither with all thy weight
Of precious freight?

Whither away, O Bird,
 Singing the grove along?
Fleet is thy changing wing,
 Rare is thy wordless song;
Whither where happy nest
Shall end thy quest?

Whither, O mortal Man,
 Treading the dusk of time?
Brave is thy longing heart,
 Strong are thy hopes sublime;
Whither, thro' all this strife
We reckon life?

ACROSS THE DESERT.

CHILD.

Where goest thou, my father, while the night
Circles around us with delirious heat,
And the sands shudder 'neath thy fainting sight,
And sting with agony thine aged feet,
While thy scant locks, unkempt, tell of the way
Dusty and long, and thy departing day?

FATHER.

I go, my child, to seek a cavern vast
In a strange country lying to the west,
Where, one by one, the mighty of the past
Have enter'd, groping for Oblivion's rest ;
Nor can I pause, tho' faint with thirst and pain,
Nor, save a little space, thy hand retain.

CHILD.

What ! wouldst thou leave me, father, thus,
alone
Amid the sands ? — while through the gloom I
hear

The lion's roar striking yon brassy zone
Of hollow sky, and, save the phantom Fear,
And Hunger wan, and Toil with leaden eye
And sullen brow, no other help is nigh.

FATHER.

Nay, child, to Love I leave thee, and to Joy
And high Ambition of the eagle gaze,
Who, cheering thee, thy sorrow shall decoy
As on thou treadest thro' their devious ways ;
And tho' the night be long, and sear the land,
Thou'lt scarcely grieve to miss thy father's hand.

And think not that the dark to which I tend,
Will quell a strength which long has cop'd
with woe,
Or that thy fear at worst can apprehend
An ill more dire than those my journey know ;
For he who long has bent life's load beneath,
Can feel no terror of the pangs of death.

THE ATHEIST AND THE FOOL.

A jester sought his king one day,
And merry made in quaint array,
While sunshine on the palace fell,
And banners wav'd with buoyant swell.
The king, a heathen stern and bold,
Spoke from his couch of silk and gold,
As loyally his guests arose
To pledge him at the banquet's close :
"Go fool," he said, "to yonder wood,
And prove to us that God is 'good,'
Thy God who sits enthron'd on high
And guides the years of destiny."
The jester to the woodland wide
Mov'd calmly with a mien of pride,
And with him went the royal throng,
Who woke the grove with jest and song, —
Watching the while with sneer and nod
To mark the Christian seek his God.
And as they gain'd an open space
The monarch, smiling, slacken'd pace,
For near him, in that lonely haunt,

Lay buried one who died of want ;
While swiftly through the waning day
A night-hawk bore a dove away.
"List !" said the king, in cynic mood,
"Thou claimest that thy God is ' good ; '
And yet in nature naught we see
Save only grim necessity.
It heeds not youth's exultant fire,
Which kindles only to expire,
Nor yet the genius, starry-eyed,
By toil and hunger crucified,
Nor the brave love and virgin trust
Butcher'd by brutal-hearted lust,
And left to welter in its blood,
To prove, mayhap, that ' God is good ! '
Nor doth it heed the cry for bread
By helpless babes uncomforted,
While plenty, clad in regal state,
Dwells in the mansions of the great.
Pause, fool, and con this lesson old :
Faith cannot wrap thee from the cold,
Or guard thy life from sin by day,
Or bear at night thy pain away ;
Nor can she, whatso'er befall,
Shield thee from death, the end of all.
Thy God is ' great,' and yet his pow'r
Fails to bring back one fateful hour
When I, a monarch, bent the knee,

And pled with tears believingly ;
I called, and lo ! there came no tone
To thrill responsive to my own,
Nor did He, though His sway is vast,
Change at my wish the awful past.”

DOGGEREL.

O thou who dreamest on the button mat,
With glossy length stretch'd out before the fire,
Thou who, methinks, in Nod-land dost aspire
To better *bones*, forego thy phantom *rat*!
The haggard Muse now holding out her hat,
Demands a (*s*)cent, that in a sonnet she
May box thee up for Fame's menagerie —
"Speak," Paugus mine, what thinkest thou of
that?

The *dog-eared* page can tell the *tail* divine
In "*bow-wow style*," posterity to please,
And while the *dog-star* doth above them shine,
The *canine*-knights will pledge thy name in
w(h)ine,
Till *dog-days* shall come *panting* in with *fleas*,
And make them *paws* to — *hist, a boy, a cat!*

A DOG'S SOLILOQUY.

From doghood into manhood, say the sages,
I shall progress, with luck, in future ages —
And strut and swagger with a walking-stick,
And being drunk, announce myself as sick,
And buying checks for Tophet, give it out
That I shall journey by the Zion route, —
The only way, they tell me, to get through
The human *rôle* without too much ado.
A man — who, being "noble," won't refuse
My vote to barter for a pair of shoes,
Or, having pared the orange of disgrace,
To toss the rind into a woman's face,
And greet society with friendly eyes,
To hear how loudly it can stigmatize
Not me, but one who holds me as her "king,"
Her "dear," her "idol," and that sort of thing.
A man — to delve for gold, and lay it by
For fools to wrangle over when I die;
To talk of virtue in a pious tone,
While having not one atom for my own;

To leave a wife to mope day out and in
While I down town the yarns of "business"
spin.

A man — well, well, I may be in the fog,
But, really, I'd prefer to be a dog, —
An honest dog thro' all progression's changes,
However high the evolution ranges.

GRANDMOTHER'S CUPBOARD.

I remember the cupboard prim and old,
With its button forever loose,
And the row of things on the upper shelf
That were seldom put to use ;
The bowl, as pink as a kitten's toes,
In a corner by itself,
And the teapot brown of the battered spout,
That was king of the middle shelf.

I remember the line of plates that stood
Where the teacups made a group,
And the antique ship on the spacious dish
That was used for beans and soup.
The "holder" rude and its pewter spoons
That lean'd o'er the edge of glass,
To crack dumb jokes with a merry leer
At the bottle of "pepper-sass."

For the bottle was lank and tinged with green,
And its crown was made of cork,
And the peppers their palmy days had seen
When Adam began to walk.

Hard by was the box that held the knives,
And a magic it surely hid,
For whenever we fumbled for a knife
We got but a fork instead.

I remember the little dumpy jug
That seem'd to stare and grin,
And the treacle-bowl and the dish for salt,
And the pepper-box of tin ;
And the pie plates crumpled at the edge,
And the platter brave to see,
With its Chinaman in a funny hat
By a big cerulean tree.

I remember the cooky-crock that stood
Just under the tier of shelves, —
And two lawless imps that seized the chance
To scramble and help themselves ;
For the button hung loosely on its nail
And the door would open swing,
And to rob a grandma old and fond
Was so very fine a thing.

A DAY IN MARCH.

I.

At length the storm has ceased to snarl, and,
as if to keep a tryst,
O'er the inky spruces yonder breaks a dull light
through the mist.
What forms grotesque those trees assume to the
dreamer's languid gaze,
Till a legion of fantastics seems to frolic through
the haze !
There is a warrior gaunt and tall, with a sabre
at his side,
And with him is a sprightly lass, gay clad and
gypsy-eyed ;
While near them, with uplifted spears, are his
comrades, wise and cool,
Who attend the prancing veteran, and esteem
him — an old fool ;
And further, with their parasols unspread, yet
raised on high,
Is a group of raging vixens, whom no terms can
pacify.

But behold ! the fog has lifted, and the phantom
forms are fled,
And a sober-minded woodland waves its blended
tops instead.

II.

Here by the garden wall
The elm trees tall
Hold to the light
At the tip of each spray
A rain-bead bright.

And here the sumach stark
Feels through its bark
A moisture creep,
And thinks its torpid sap
Has woke from sleep.

III.

And bits of ground begin to gleam
Like island-tops above the snow
(Dingy, dank and coarse of grain) ;
And, with her brow against the pane,
Yon child is counting them, I know, —

And notes those brimming puddles small,
Sunk like cups in a glare of ice,
As though some Ganymede of air

In friendly mood had left them there, —
Clear bumpers fresh from Paradise.

On-driven by the rising wind,
Which sounds again its brumal cry,
The water down the icy street
Flows in a thin and crinkled sheet,
While clouds are torn along the sky.

How painfully the jaded steed
Drags on his load with muscles taut,
And swollen and distended joints,
His ears two exclamation-points
Against the harshness of his lot !

IV.

Yes, this is a day when the cat will sit
On the rug's yarn rose, with look profound,
And speckled green eyes, with a streak in each
Which broadens and forms into pupils round ;

Sit motionless save for the tail's black tip,
Which subtly stirs and uprears its head,
And curves and hearkens with snake-like grace,
And straightens, and falls, and is quieted ;—

When the cock, bereft of his insolence,
 Strides by through the slush with a mien for-
 lorn,
And never a glance at his draggled wives,
 And never a note from his lips of horn.

SAL.

AFTER THE MANNER OF RALPH HOYT — WITH VARIATIONS.

In the kitchen, where the doughnuts grow,
 Stood a weary maiden fresh from crying,
(Woman's pastime in the day of woe),
 On a handkerchief her eyelids drying, —
 Sally Slow,
In the kitchen, where the doughnuts grow.

Faded gown and apron long and neat ;
 Boots as ancient as the times demanded ;
Hose of blue upon her little feet ;
 Lines of grief upon her visage branded, —
 All complete !
Faded gown and apron long and neat.

Seem'd it natural she should be there,
 None to intermeddle, none to question,
Or to guess the cause of her despair,
 Whether it was love or indigestion,
 Age or care ; —
Seem'd it natural she should be there.

It was summer, when mosquitoes thrive.

 Busy hens were scratching up the barley,
And the goslings had gone down to dive

 In a stream unknown to Peter Parley, —

 Chat and dive ;

It was summer, when mosquitoes thrive.

Near the dye-pot, where the stockings swim,

 Calmly reading, sat her noble brother ;

(Sally's troubles never ruffled him,

 Though, 'twas said, they "worshipped" one
 another), —

 Lazy Jim !

Near the dye-pot, where the stockings swim.

I can see the picture to this day,

 Thro' the lapse of time and change of weather ;

On the floor two kittens were at play,

 Worrying a ball of yarn together. —

 Far away

I can see the picture to this day.

Lying gravely at his master's toes

Was the house dog, with his paws before him,
Snapping at the flies that hit his nose

As they buzz'd and vacillated o'er him, —

Icy nose !

Lying gravely at his master's toes.

Jim was strong, and of a comely height,

Sandy was his hair and blue his eye, sir,
And his moustache was as black as night,

For he used the very best of dye, sir ;

Thrilling sight !

Jim was strong and of a comely height.

He could prate of virtue and of truth,

Prate of woman's sphere and right and duty,
Teach the aged, lecture erring youth,

Stare and smirk at any passing beauty, —

Ay, forsooth !

He could prate of virtue and of truth.

"Jim," said Sally, "I am sick of life ;

Drudgery for me is never ending ;

Go abroad and bring you home a wife

Who can do the ironing and mending."

(Tone of strife.)

"Jim," said Sally, "I am sick of life.

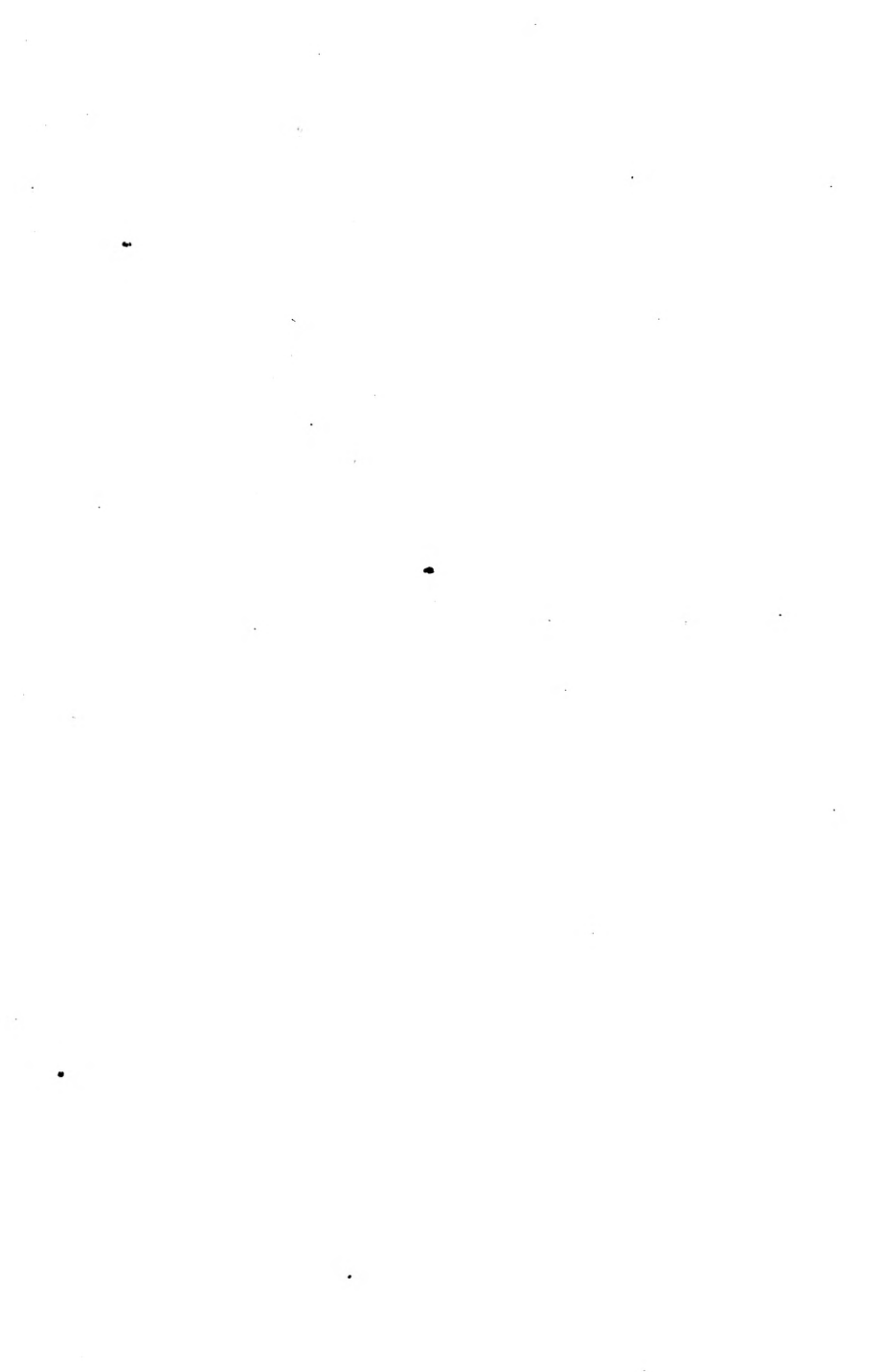
“She can fry the fritters to your taste,
Be ‘correct,’ and smile to be corrected,
Do your bidding with a loving haste,
Nor complain to find herself neglected ;
Meek and chaste,
She can fry the fritters to your taste.

“List to me, my brother, I am old ;
When her cares have brought her to dejection,
Never cheer her with your niggard gold,
Or a glimmer of your tame affection.
She’ll be sold !
List to me, my brother, I am old.

“When the children vex her with their play,
Or the soup is burnt beyond repairing,
Tell her freely ’twas a sorry day
When you met — and intersperse the swear-
ing ;
Say your say
When the children vex her with their play.

“Twit her of a step she took amiss
In the olden days when first you courted,
And expatiate upon your ‘*bliss*’
Since she came to you to be supported !
Think of this.
Twit her of a step she took amiss.”

In the kitchen, where the doughnuts grow,
Her philosophy the maid expounded,
Till the milk-pans, shining in a row,
Groaned for Jimmy as he sat confounded.
Jimmy Slow,
In the kitchen, where the doughnuts grow.



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